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A REASSESSMENT OF JAMES JOYCE'S POETRY

by

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A THESIS

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ABSTRACT

The thesis attempts to re-examine Joyce's poetry, and to restore to it some of the freshness of which it is robbed when it is seen in the shadow of Ulysses, and the other prose works. In order to do this, I try as far as possible to maintain the emphasis upon textual readings of the poetry -- and for my purpose I consider the Epiphanies as prose poems, in the tradition of nineteenth-century French poetry. I do not wish, however, to remove the poetry from its context -- "chaque poème a son père" -- so I give a fair amount of biographical information, especially in the first chapter.

Comparison sometimes facilitates assessment, and a consideration of Yeats' influence seems obligatory. Affinities with contemporary poets apart, it is Joyce's major excursion into prose writing which most affects evaluation of the merit of his poetry. I try to show the continuity between the prose and the poetry, and the value of the poetry when read alone.

The business of the literary critic is to attain a peculiar completeness of response and to observe a peculiarly strict relevance in developing his response into commentary; he must be on his guard against abstracting improperly from what is in front of him and against any premature or irrelevant generalizing -- of it or from it.

F.R. Leavis, "Criticism and Philosophy," The Common Pursuit

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INTRODUCTION

A reassessment of Joyce's poetry must begin with the recognition of its minor importance when compared to the poetic achievement of Joyce's great contemporaries. Its size and scope are not great enough, nor its quality sufficient, to give it rank near to Yeats, or to Eliot and Pound, who are spoken of as Joyce's confrères in the fragmentation and eclecticism characteristic of modern literature. Joyce's merit as a creator lies in his manipulation of prose, and his ambition was within the genre of the novel; but into it he introduced 'poetical' values, rhythms and subtleties of such a nature that Ulysses has been described as a symbolic poem. And Finnegans Wake departs so drastically from the definable norm of the novel that it can hardly be classified as such.

In speaking of poetical values in Joyce's prose, I take exception to the statement of Morton Dauwen Zabel that,

> ...conventional definitions apart, his /Joyce's/ novels lack specific poetic elements; as well as poetry's absolute sublimation of experience.[1]

Does poetry completely sublimate experience? It is, in many cases such as Donne's "The Canonization", the intensification and heightening of experience. There are specific poetic elements in Joyce's prose, as shown by a number of critics, and which will be dealt with later.

The purpose of this examination is not to interpret the poetry in terms of the later prose, a questionable critical move--employed with oblivious ease in William York Tindall's edition of Chamber Music. His examination of influences upon Joyce and of the sequence of the poems is more fruitful, but declines into unsatisfactory generalization:

> It may be, if we go beyond the literal sense of this disappointing affair, that the girl of Chamber Music is an embodiment of the hero's feminine soul and that his failure is a failure to possess it.[2]

> The trouble with Chamber Music is that the form is inadequate for the burden it seems meant to carry. If the girl of these poems, for example, is designed to present Joyce's ideas about woman, religion, and imagination, she does the job less satisfactorily than Mrs. Bloom.[3]

This supposition illustrates the failure of Tindall's critical method: she obviously is not meant to represent all these things, or at any rate not in the manner of Molly Bloom, a different character in a different context. Mary T. Reynolds gives evidence which shows that Molly was in many ways modelled on Nora Joyce, while the early poetry had quite a different image. On 21 August 1909,

during their first separation, Joyce wrote to Nora:

> I never could speak to the girls I used to meet at houses. Their false manners checked me at once. Then you came to me. You were not in a sense the girl for whom I had dreamed and written the verses you now find so enchanting. She was perhaps (as I saw her in my imagination) a girl fashioned into a curious grave beauty by the culture of generations before her....But then I saw that the beauty of your soul outshone that of my verses.[4]

The imaginary girl of Chamber Music was conceived in lyrical form, like that of the bird-like image of a girl in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man:

> A girl stood before him in midstream, alone and still, gazing out to sea. She seemed like one whom magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and softhued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like feathering of soft white down. Her slateblue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some darkplumaged dove. But her long fair hair was girlish: and girlish, and touched with the wonder of mortal beauty, her face.[5]

She is seen as mysteriously linked with the hero's destiny, both in the poems and in the novel. She is not boldly differentiated or given a complex characterization as is Molly Bloom. In the poems, according to Joyce's letter, she is seen as cultured, rare and fine, like a mediaeval Beatrice.

As his conclusion, Tindall quotes this passage from the Circe episode in Ulysses, and comments:

> You may touch my ...
> May I touch your?
> O, but lightly!
> O, so lightly!

This poem of a chamber perhaps is better than any of the poems of Chamber Music.[6]

Tindall is comparing two disparate things; the passage in Ulysses is doggerel, and appropriate in its context, the riotous encounter in the brothel; it is not a poem. Tindall's humour is facetious, and his equivocation ineffective. More seriously, his approach ignores the temporal aspect of an author's work.

It is granted that the poems are not comparable to the work of the mature Yeats, but both he and Symons thought them worthy of praise, and contemporary musicians valued some of them as songs. Later, in 1930, a group of friends and composers published a large handsome edition of Pomes Penyeach set to music. It is clear that Joyce's poetry was then recognized as good in its own right.

The poems are often dismissed with the accusation that they are derivative. Yet it is doubtful if, relatively and on a smaller scale, they are any more 'derivative' than Ulysses, which borrows its structure from Homer's Odyssey.

The intrinsic interest of the poetry lies in the fact that it is the meeting-place of several poetic trends--symbolist, imagist, Elizabethan--as they were seen and used by Joyce. The value of its study is that it portrays

an important stage in his development; how he used the medium of poetry to explore the potentiality of language: not only the meaning and nuance of words but their rhythm, the effects of repetition and variation, and the 'imaging-forth' of a person or a mood or a situation, which, in combination, they can create. In this respect a consideration of the Epiphanies as prose poems is also relevant.

CHAPTER I. GROUNDINGS: LIFE AND WORK

Chamber Music is the product of the period from 1901 to 1904 in Dublin, and was sensitively and carefully worked. In The Road round Ireland Padraic Colum remembers:

> He gave me his poems to read in a beautiful manuscript. He used to speak arrogantly about these poems of his, but I remember his saying something that made me know how precious these beautifully-wrought lyrics were to him -- he spoke about walking through the streets of Paris, poor and tormented, and about the peace the repetition of his poems had brought him.[1]

The tautness of the link between life and art, the importance of art to life, does not seem to have ever lessened for Joyce. In 1933, during the composition of Finnegans Wake, he writes to Louis Gillet, who relates:

> Je lui demande où en est son ouvrage: O now it's not so very long . . . . L'année dernière, n'est-ce pas, c'était presque impossible de rien faire. Quand on vit dans cette angoisse et cette détresse . . . c'est bien facile de dire: enfermez-vous et travaillez. Mais quand votre art et votre vie ne font qu'un, quand ils s'enchevètrent dans le même tissu comme c'est mon cas, allez-y voir . . . .[2]

Given this admission, it is more important than usual to know something of the author's life and training before and during the period of the writing of his poetry. For this knowledge, Richard Ellmann's biography is useful.

Joyce was given a thorough Jesuit education, with its emphasis upon the formulation of theory and on precise evaluation. During his adolescence, Joyce, when asked by the sculptor August Suter what he retained from his early Jesuit training, replied: "'I have learnt to arrange things in such a way that they become easy to survey and to judge.'"[3] The scholastic tradition was soon merged with the lyrical softness of the Elizabethans and the symbolism of the nineteenth century French poets felt through Yeats. But it continued to show its strength in Joyce's deep admiration for Ibsen, whose empirical attitude implied direct judgment on moral and social issues which were treated quite differently, if at all, by the former groups of poets.

The analytical rhetoric of which Joyce proved master in the Shakespeare and Ithaca episodes in Ulysses, and the sermon in A Portrait, is first demonstrated in a long-winded essay entitled "Force", dated 1898, written while he was at University College, Dublin. Here he attributes the need for ordering, for discipline, to man's instinct to conquer, to subdue. He says that large subject-matter, or prolific imagination, can lead the 'poetic sense' to extremes; it should be 'subdued by vigilance and care.' When this is done,

> ...the true and superior spirit, penetrates more watchfully into sublime and noble places, treading them with greater fear and greater wonder and greater reverence, and in humbleness looks up into the dim regions, now full of light, and interprets, without mysticism, for men the great things

that are hidden from their eyes, in the leaves of the trees and in the flowers, to console them, to add to their worship, and to elevate their awe. This result proceeds from the subjugation of a great gift, and indeed it is so in all our possessions. We improve in strength when we husband it, in health when we are careful of it, in power of mental endurance when we do not over-tax it. Otherwise in the arts, in sculpture and painting, the great incidents that engross the artist's attention would find their expression, in huge shapelessness or wild daubs, and in the ear of the rapt musician, the loveliest melodies outpour themselves, madly, without time or movement, in chaotic mazes, "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh".[4]

Despite its wordiness, this passage shows the thorough and far-ranging logic demanded by the Jesuits, and displays a necessary foundation for a Stephen Dedalus' preoccupation with theory and definition. It also helps to dismiss the appraisal of Chamber Music as the result of a sort of pastime.[5]

Joyce's home life must have been sharply impressed upon the boy's imagination: his gregarious, rambunctious father, the pious Aunt "Dante", the inconspicuous "abused" mother, the vivid presentation of sin by Catholicism, the sudden poverty and numerous "flits" of the household. During his adolescence, Joyce grew more self-conscious and tended to dramatize his own life and emotions. After the rejection first of the vocation of priesthood, then of the institution of the church, there arose a devotion to art as the only alternative preoccupation for the "life of the spirit".

He began a series of prose sketches called Silhouettes. His first collection of poems was called Moods; to Ellmann "...the title suggests the influence of W.B. Yeats, whose early volumes insisted that moods were metaphysical realities to be transfixed by the artist."[6] Neither Silhouettes nor Moods survives. The only example of Joyce's verse at this time is a translation of Horace's ode, "O fons Bandusiae"; its tone is calm and placid like the stream which the poem describes.

Joyce's prose was becoming more vigorous. An exposition on "The Study of Languages" dates from 1898 or 1899 at University College. He writes:

> ...both in style and syntax there is always present a carefulness, a carefulness bred of the first implantings of precision. So they are no mere flourishings of unkempt, beautiful ideas but methods of correct expression ruled and directed by clear regulations, sometimes of facts, sometimes of ideas.[7]

Here he is concerned in theory with the manipulation of language, the instrument of his craft. In two subsequent essays, one on "Ecce Homo", a painting at the Royal Hibernian Academy (1899), and the other, on "Drama and Life" (1900), Joyce explores the relationship between art and life, a debate in which he follows his idol Ibsen. In the first he declares:

> By drama I understand the interplay of passions; drama is strife, evolution, movement, in whatever way unfolded. Drama exists as an independent thing, conditioned but not controlled by its scene.....However subdued the tone of

passions may be, however ordered the action or commonplace the diction, if a play, or a work of music, or a picture concerns itself with the everlasting hopes, desires and hates of humanity, or deals with a symbolic presentment of our widely related nature, albeit a phase of that nature, then it is drama.[8]

The last sentence is repeated in "Drama and Life".[9] He continues:

Whatever form it takes must not be superimposed or conventional. In literature we allow conventions, for literature is a comparatively low form of art. Literature is kept alive by tonics, it flourishes through conventions in all human relations, in all actuality. Drama will be for the future at war with convention, if it is to realize itself truly.[10]

If you ask me what occasions drama or what is the necessity for it at all, I answer Necessity. It is mere animal instinct applied to the mind. Apart from his world-old desire to get beyond the flaming ramparts, man has a further longing to become a maker and a moulder. That is the necessity of all art.[11]

He emphasizes the mistake of attributing to 'Art' religious and moral, aesthetic and idealizing qualities: its search is for <u>truth</u>. In this portrayal of actuality, "Even the most commonplace, the deadest among the living, may play a part in a great drama."[12]

It is not surprising that his next essay, and his first publication, is entitled "Ibsen's New Drama". Here Joyce praises Ibsen's brevity and conciseness, and his compressed treatment of the intricacies of human relationships. And he praises his artistic detachment with an image which predicts Stephen Dedalus' artist "like the God of the Creation..., within or behind or beyond or

above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails":

> Ibsen treats it/the episode with Irene in When We Dead Awaken/, as indeed he treats all things, with large insight, artistic restraint, and sympathy. He sees it steadily and whole, as from a great height, with perfect vision and an angelic dispassionateness, the sight of one who may look on the sun with open eyes.[13]

The factors in this play which Joyce singles out are interesting in the light of criticism of Joyce's later work:

> Ibsen's drama, as I have said, is wholly independent of his characters. They may be bores, but the drama in which they live and move is invariably powerful.[14]

One need not advance to the 'anti-hero' of Ulysses as an example; Epiphanies is a series of encounters where character-development is impossible and character-portraiture unattempted.

What appealed to Joyce in Ibsen's work was artistic honesty and the relentless unmasking of truth; scrupulous self-examination and the stubborn sympathy for humanity. What is new in Joyce's essays is the element of personal statement, of manifesto, similar to Stephen's cry at the end of A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. At the same time Joyce's interest in poetry brought him to Cavalcanti and to Dante, to the novel of D'Annunzio--a taste which developed, according to Ellmann, "because D'Annunzio turned his own iconoclastic life into fiction, eliminated action, and made the novel a prolonged lyric in prose"[15]--to the aesthetic theory of St. Thomas Aquinas. His fond-

ness for music and for songs, Elizabethan, French, or Irish, was like that of his father, and flourished in the warmth of home surroundings. It was never to die. Louis Gillet speaks of hearing Joyce sing:

> It was a marvel to hear him. All his mocking, musical, ironic and melancholy race seemed to float on his lips; ballads were linked to ballads, songs to songs, romances followed laments. Those who have not heard Joyce in his Irish songs do not know what was most secret within him, his source or underground level of folklore, the chivalrous modesty of his slender strophes of Chamber Music, a tiny collection, a booklet which gives the diapason of his soul and which was the basis of his future work, as Vita Nuova contains the germ of Dante's.[16]

Budgen recalls his knowledge of Milton, of the songs of Palestrina, of Yeats' "When the heart grows old"; his admiration for Coleridge. He continues:

> Joyce read to me once the Prologue to The Canterbury Tales, stopping often to repeat the lines and retaste the elegant humour of each one.[17]

> I once asked Joyce what in all music he considered most beautiful.
>
> "The flute solo in Glück's Orpheus", he said. "It tells of the sick longing for earth of one in the Elysian fields. I know of nothing more beautiful than that."
>
> Of all instruments the human voice was Joyce's preference, and of all voices the tenor voice.[18]

Joyce was said to have read all of Ben Jonson's works, a marriage of "sound" and "sense".[19]

About 1900 Joyce began to write a sort of prose poem which he called Epiphanies, a sharp detached presentation of the "whatness of a thing", the recording of a

moment in which "the soul of the commonest objects...seems to us radiant". Those which are published were written later, between 1904 and 1906, but two date from the summer at Mullingar when he wrote the play A Brilliant Career, in 1900. They show that the concept was already formulated and in practice, and has affinities with the dramatic aims of Ibsen. But at the same time, Joyce's interest in Verlaine, whom he practised translating, was nourished by Arthur Symons' The Symbolist Movement in Literature, published in 1899. He wrote a play in verse entitled Dream Stuff, which, like the other, does not survive, and a group of poems under the title of Shine and Dark. The fragments which remain tend to be 'dark', and Ellmann cites what he calls examples of Byronic posturing, meditation on the transiency of beauty, contemplation of death as punishment for sin, description of orgiastic dance. Certainly, the verse is comparable to minor early Yeats, although it is often a mere reflection of it. In 1901 Joyce sent a collection of his poems, with titles such as "Wanhope", "The Final Peace", "Commonplace", "The Passionate Poet", "Tenebrae", and "Valkyrie" to Archer, who found the lyrics insubstantial. Ellmann says that Joyce candidly confessed to Stanislaus his inability to rival Yeats, and deliberately redirected his efforts to the writing of epiphanies, or prose. This conscious variant of Yeats' ambition is echoed much later in "A further recollection of James Joyce" by Frank Budgen.

> With regard to the language used by Joyce, particularly in Finnegans Wake, it is sometimes forgotten that in his early years in Dublin Joyce lived among the believers and adepts in magic gathered round the poet Yeats. Yeats held that the borders of our minds are always shifting, tending to become part of the universal mind, and that the borders of our memory also shift and form part of the universal memory. The universal mind and memory could be evoked by symbols. When telling me this Joyce added that in his own work he never used the recognized symbols, preferring instead to use trivial and quadrivial words and local geographical allusions. The intention of magical evocation, however, remained the same.[20]

Not only was the intention similar; moreover, the choice of prose was by no means definitive, for Joyce continued to write verse, and succeeded in having Chamber Music published in 1907, and Pomes Penyeach in 1927. In February 1932 Joyce sent an Italian translation of James Stephens' poem, "Stephen's Green", to Stephens; Joyce's translation appeared as "Il Vento" in the Triestine periodical Sul Mare, IX, 3 (May-June 1933)[21]. In February of 1932, a month in which his father died and his daughter-in-law bore a son, Joyce wrote what some critics consider to be his most moving poem, "Ecce Puer".

In "The Day of the Rabblement", an essay of 1901, Joyce praised Yeats' The Wind Among the Reeds as, in aim and form, "poetry of the highest order"[22]. The following year, the magazine of University College published his essay on the Irish poet Mangan, in which Joyce asserts that although the highest praise must be withheld from the romantic school and reserved for classicism ("By classical, I mean the slow elaborative patience of the

art of satisfaction." -- Stephen Hero),

> . . . the cause of the impatient temper must be sought in the artist and in his theme . . . . /P/oetry in any art transcends the mode of its expression . . . . A song by Shakespeare or Verlaine, which seems so free and living and as remote from any conscious purpose as rain that falls in a garden or the lights of evening, is discovered to be the rhythmic speech of an emotion otherwise incommunicable, at least so fitly. But to approach the temper which has made art is an act of reverence and many conventions must be first put off, for certainly the inmost region will never yield to one who is enmeshed with profanities.[23]

The final sentence is repeated in Stephen Hero, in a statement of the necessary attributes of the critic. "James Clarence Mangan", as the title suggests, is more concerned with the man than with his poetic achievement; it is with the sympathy of common experience that Joyce writes of Mangan's estrangement, his silent suffering of injustice, his fascination with mediaeval lore and strange languages; his creation of a figure representing imaginative beauty:

> East and West meet in that personality (we know how); images interweave there like soft, luminous scarves and words ring like brilliant mail, and whether the song is of Ireland or of Istambol it has the same refrain, a prayer that peace may come again to her who has lost her peace, the moonwhite pearl of his soul, Ameen . . . . Vittoria Colonna and Laura and Beatrice . . . embody one chivalrous idea, which is no mortal thing . . . .[24]

Joyce speaks at length of the poet himself, and of his poetry as an extension of his life.

> Poetry, even when apparently most fantastic, is always a revolt against artifice, a revolt, in a sense, against actuality. It speaks of what seems fantastic and unreal to those who have lost the simple intuitions which are

the tests of reality; and, as it is often found at war with its age, so it makes no account of history, which is fabled by the daughters of memory, but sets store by every time less than the pulsation of an artery, the time in which its intuitions start forth, holding it equal in its period and value to six thousand years.[25]

Reality is attained not through history, but in the "continual affirmation of the spirit":

Every age must look for its sanction to its poetry and philosophy, for in these the human mind, as it looks backward or forward, attains to an eternal state.[26]

In his discussion of Mangan's poetry, Joyce stresses its musical nature, and refers to the beginning of "Swabian Popular Song"--an example of Joyce's taste at the time:

> Where are they, the belovèd,
> The gladsome, all?
> Where are they, the belovèd,
> The gladsome, all?
> They left the festal hearth and hall
> They pine afar from us in alien climes.
> O, who shall bring them back to us once more?
> Who shall restore
> Life's fairy floral times?
> Restore
> Life's fairy, floral times?[27]

The repetitions and the ballad-like refrain are close to Joyce's own style, which will be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II. FIRST FRUITS: CHAMBER MUSIC

With these interests behind him, it is not strange that Joyce should have turned to writing poetry himself. The poems which Ellmann publishes (for the first time) were preserved by chance and are presented in fragmentary fashion. In the repetition of words and the ballad-like refrain of some stanzas, they are akin to Yeats' early work (and Mangan's), and show less originality and skill than Chamber Music. There is little difference between

> He heard while he sang and dreamed
> A piper piping away,
> And never was piping so sad,
> And never was piping so gay.

and

> Yea, for this love of mine
> I have given all I had;
> For she was passing fair,
> And I was passing mad.

The first is from Yeats' "The Host of the Air", The Wind Among the Reeds (1899)[1]; the second is given by Ellmann. The form and metre, if not the sentiment, are identical in the following verses:

> There are no lips to kiss this foul remains of thee,
> O, dead Unchastity!
> The curse of loneliness broods silent on thee still,
> Doing its utmost will,
> And men shall cast thee justly to thy narrow tomb,
> A sad and bitter doom.
> Joyce[3]

I would that we were, my beloved, white birds on the foam of the sea!
We tire of the flame of the meteor, before it can fade and flee;
And the flame of the blue star of twilight, hung low on the rim of the sky,
Has awaked in our hearts, my beloved, a sadness that may not die.

Yeats[4]

Similarly, compare Yeats:

Shy one, shy one,
Shy one of my heart,
She moves in the firelight
Pensively apart.[5]

and Joyce:

Lady, lady fair
Snatch a cloak in haste,
Let thy lover taste
The sweetness of thy hair...[6]

These unpublished poems of Joyce merited Archer's refusal; they are too derivative to be good: they are imitative.

The winter of 1903 Joyce spent in Paris, where he could express his need for artistic independence, shown in his review of Lady Gregory's Poets and Dreamers, with its condescending air and derogatory remarks about Yeats' The Celtic Twilight[7]. His rebellion against the Yeatsian circle was begun. Was it sustained?

In 1907 Chamber Music was published. It obviously has great affinity with the work of Yeats. Yet it reflects many other influences as well, and is more "cosmopolitan", more refined than the Yeats of this period. It may indeed

be a consequence of this that it is less personal than Yeats, less convincing a portrayal of one poetic vision, and that, as Morton Dauwen Zabel wrote in 1930, "the verse in Chamber Music has not the finality of single intention . . . ."[8] One might also ask if this is a quality necessary to a volume of poetry or even to one poem alone. Multiplicity of interpretation has, of course, become a characteristic of twentieth century literary criticism.

I do not wish to discuss the success of the volume as a whole before examining the poetry itself and providing an historical backdrop for it. This period in Irish history was one of nationalism, literary as well as political. A collection of Irish Literature in ten volumes appeared in 1904, published in Philadelphia under an editorial board composed of Irish and American writers, among whom appears Lady Gregory; among the writers we find W.B. Yeats, Lionel Johnson, and George Russell (AE). The insular, Celtic quality of Irish literature is evident in the preponderance of myth and Irish patriotism in the subject-matter of the poems as well as the prose in these volumes. It does not spare even a short lyric like this one by Katharine Tynan:

> Oh, green and fresh your English sod
> With daisies sprinkled over;
> But greener far were the fields I trod,
> And the honeyed Irish clover.

Oh, well your skylark cleaves the blue
To bid the sun good-morrow,
He has not the bonny song I knew
High over an Irish furrow.

And often, often, I'm longing still,
This gay and golden weather,
For my father's face by an Irish hill
And he and I together.[9]

The nostalgia here has a tribal quality; it is the Irishness of the countryside that the writer misses, more than particularities which are lacking. Even if it is the latter that we are meant to envisage, the poem proceeds <u>from</u> the abstract notions of "English sod", "Irish clover", "Irish furrow", and "Irish hill" to its conclusion which is a recollection of the poet and her father together, the one verifiable experience of the poem. For we cannot prove a field to be Irish; we know that it is because of its geographical location, and the idea of "an Irish field" is built up from a series of observations which settle into a "type" picture. The same procedure applies to the concept "English sod". The effect of this word-usage upon the poem is that it loses concreteness and vividness, and fails to communicate a new and personal experience. It merely repeats the cliché that the Irish love Ireland best. Its mood is common sentimentality. It is against this that Joyce inveighed.

In the anthology of Irish literature, Yeats is exalted as "the chief standard-bearer of the intellectual and literary revival"[10]. The introduction to this selection quotes George

Russell's praise of his work, which quickly departs from an account of its Irishness to a langorous description of its mystical quality, of its discovery of a new world, a discovery which may be imitated and followed but never reproduced because the poet's world is unique.

> Sometimes I wonder whether that insatiable desire of the mind for something more than it has yet attained, which blows the perfume from every flower, and plucks the flower from every tree, and hews down every tree in the valley until it goes forth gnawing itself in a last hunger, does not threaten all the cloudy turrets of the poet's soul. But whatever end or transformation or unveiling may happen, that which creates beauty must have beauty in its essence, and the soul must cast off many vestures before it comes to itself. We, all of us, poets, artists, and musicians, who work in shadows, must some time begin to work in substance, and why should we grieve if one labor ends and another begins? I am interested more in life than in the shadows of life, and as Ildathach grows fainter I await eagerly the revelation of the real nature of one who has built so many mansions in the heavens.[11]

The bulk of Russell's evaluation of Yeats is a quasi-philosophical assessment of Yeats' characters:

> They are the sole inheritors of many traditions, and have now come to the end of the ways and so are unhappy . . . . They are not like Usheen, seekers and romantic wanderers, but have each found some mood in themselves where all quest ceases: they utter oracles; and even in the swaying of a hand or the dropping of hair there is less suggestion of individual action than of a divinity living within them, shaping an elaborate beauty in dream for his own delight, and for no other end than the delight in his dream. Other poets have written of Wisdom overshadowing man and speaking through his lips, or a Will working within the human will, but I think in this poetry we find for the first time the revelation of the Spirit as the weaver of beauty . . . . This, it seems to me, is what is essential in this poetry, what is peculiar and individual in it -- the revelation of great mysteries in unnoticed things; and as not a sparrow may fall unconsidered by Him, so even in the swaying of a human hand His scepter may have dominion over the heart, and His paradise be entered in the lifting of an eyelid.[12]

This is what Joyce admired in Yeats; in his review of The Wind Among the Reeds, referred to earlier, he describes it as in aim and form "poetry of the highest order" (1901). But he disliked Yeats' cherishing of the Celtic tradition (see "The Soul of Ireland" in The Celtic Twilight) as an entity which should be preserved apart.

Yeats wanted artists to take on "the method and the fervor of a priesthood"[13]. With this Joyce would have agreed, but Yeats advocated a priesthood sworn to national ends:

> ...I would have Ireland recreate the ancient arts, the arts as they were understood in Judaea, in India, in Scandinavia, in Greece and Rome, in every ancient land; as they were understood when they moved a whole people and not a few people who have grown up in a leisured class and made this understanding their business.[14]

Joyce was equally concerned with pulling down literature from its esoteric height, but attacked the advocacy of parochialism through his championing of Ibsen and his delight in the similarity, the happy resemblances of one man to another, which are unaffected by borders. Yeats' conviction was expressed in understandably (or inevitably?) dogmatic terms:

> If our craftsmen were to choose their subjects under what we may call, if we understand faith to mean that belief in a spiritual life which is not confined to one Church, the persuasion of their faith and their country, they would soon discover that although their choice seemed arbitrary at first, it had obeyed what was deepest in them.[15]

His vision is a national or racial one, and would set the

Irish artist apart from creators in other countries:

> Art and scholarship like these I have described would give Ireland more than they received from her, for they would make love of the unseen more unshakable, more ready to plunge deep into the abyss, and they would make love of country more fruitful in the mind, more a part of daily life. One would know an Irishman into whose life they had come -- and in a few generations they would come into the life of all, rich and poor -- by something that set him apart among men. He himself would understand that more was expected of him than of others because he had greater possessions. The Irish race would have become a chosen race, one of the pillars that uphold the world.[16]

The pride here is quite different from that which prompted Joyce to choose exile in order to escape from the obligations imposed by race, country, religion and family. Above all he wanted freedom to understand himself in terms of himself, and to do that he deliberately turned his back on his own culture and its traditions. It is not remarkable that he should have disliked The Celtic Twilight, with its anecdotal accounts of enchantment, and ghosts, and miraculous creatures.

What is evident, however, in Yeats' work -- even in his early poetry -- is the quality which George Russell described as "the revelation of great mysteries in unnoticed things," an aim akin to Joyce's "epiphany". A poem like the famous "Lake Isle of Innisfree" is a personal statement, and evokes a specific scene and an emotional response based upon the sense-perception of the "small cabin . . . of clay and wattles made," of "the hive for the honey-bee," of the "bee-loud glade." So that the feeling of peace is no abstraction: it "comes dropping-slow", "from the veils of the morning to

where the cricket sings" -- all the day long -- in this idyllic place, which is opposed to the poet's present state "on the roadway, or on the pavements gray." The poet's yearning for peace is satisfied by the calm assurance of "the deep heart's core" which tells him that the cabin and the lake exist: the future is thus an echo of the past.

In a poem like "When You are Old", the experience is not rounded by a visual image; it is not the poet's but the woman's, interpreted by the poet; it is not directly perceived, and thus is shadowy and more involved. The poem begins with a plea -- "When you are old and gray and full of sleep / And nodding by the fire, take down this book" -- a plea which whimsically suggests that the poem is the book where the woman might read

> How many loved your moments of glad grace,
> And loved your beauty with love false or true,
> But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
> And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

Yet, the poet asks her to

> Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled
> And paced upon the mountains overhead
> And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

Evidently she knows not that "one man loved the pilgrim soul in you," since she can murmur that love has departed. So only now does the constant lover declare himself, and his declaration is the poem.

The subtleties of these two poems are attributes of lyrical refinement which Joyce would admire, and which

find parallels in his own poetry. The use of indirect statement in "When You are Old" is comparable to only a few of the poems in Chamber Music. "Though I thy Mithridates were" has this type of complexity. The poet says that, although he might be the beloved's "Mithridates", an antidote to the poison-dart, yet she must make him know her love as though he were unaware of her poison; he has only to break down and "confess/The malice of thy tenderness". So that even if he were Mithridates and invulnerable, prepared "to defy the poison-dart", the beloved would succeed, for the lover must realize the firmness, the strength of her feeling, just as she must, by virtue of the nature of love, unwittingly hurt the one for whom she has "rapture". The second stanza describes what the lover has refused: the straightforward expression of love, the "elegant and antique phrase" which is naïve; the lover has not experienced the simple love which praises, the simple devotion solemnized by "our piping poets"; nor has he known love without "Ever so little falsity". The first stanza presents a complex metaphor, and it is followed without explicit connection by a swift completing verse which achieves a forceful restatement of the metaphor. Here is the complete poem:

Though I thy Mithridates were,
  Framed to defy the poison-dart.
Yet must thou fold me unaware
  To know the rapture of thy heart,
And I but render and confess
The malice of thy tenderness.

For elegant and antique phrase,
  Dearest, my lips wax all too wise;
Nor have I known a love whose praise
  Our piping poets solemnize,
Neither a love where may not be
Ever so little falsity.

In the sequence created by Stanislaus Joyce for Chamber Music, this poem is number twenty-seven in the total of thirty-six poems (text of the first edition, Elkin Mathews, London, 1907). It is preceded by "Thou leanest to the shell of night", a detached comment on the beloved's timidity, and followed by

Gentle lady, do not sing
  Sad songs about the end of love;
Lay aside sadness and sing
  How love that passes is enough. . . . . .

In its place in this sequence the poem has little impact. But in the Beach-Gilvarry manuscript, earliest of the sequences, a copy of the original manuscript made between 1902 and September 1904, "Though I thy Mithridates were" is the final poem.[17] Here it gains in stature. It is appropriate as conclusion, and comments on the varied nature of the love celebrated in the preceding poems. The fitness of the positioning in the first manuscript casts doubt upon the improvement made by Stanislaus Joyce's reshuffling of the lyrics.

It is interesting to compare the two sequences. Slocum and Cahoon, in their Bibliography of James Joyce (1953), state that no original manuscript of Chamber Music, per se, is known to exist. The first two manuscripts,

dated circa 1902 and 1905, were written out after the actual composition, and in both the order of the poems is different from that of the final edition, and only with the second does the title Chamber Music appear. Of this version two or possibly three copies existed: Arthur Symons sent one to Grant Richards in September 1904; Joyce sent another to Richards on August 17, 1905, and sent still another to Constable on October 15, 1905. On October 17, 1906, Joyce wrote Elkin Mathews that he was rearranging the manuscript and would send it in a few days. This was the copy from which the Elkin Mathews edition of 1907 was set.

Evidently, Stanislaus Joyce had regrouped the poems, and grouped them for a specific purpose; in a letter to William York Tindall, dated January 23 and February 6, 1953, he wrote:

> The arrangement of the poems in "Chamber Music" is not my brother's; it is mine . . . . I arranged them, now, in their present order -- approximately allegretto, andante cantabile, mosso -- to suggest a closed episode of youth and love . . . . I wished the poems to be read as a connected sequence, representing the closed chapter of that intensely lived life in Dublin, or more broadly, representing the withering of the Adonis garden of youth and pleasure. This arrangement . . . begins on a rather subdued note, a kind of adagio.[18]

Stanislaus apparently wished fidelity to his brother's life; in the same letter he says: "In making my arrangement, I had, of course in mind the last fateful year or so before he went into voluntary exile."[19] Joyce evidently made no objection (Stanislaus: "My brother accepted my arrangement of his poems without question and without comment"),

although Tindall writes: "Joyce may have 'preferred' his own arrangement, as his brother says . . .".[20] If so, he did not consider the question of order of sufficient importance to disallow Stanislaus' organization of the poems. Perhaps he had tired of his poetry; perhaps he felt the lyrics were individually good enough to make their placing unimportant. According to Tindall, Joyce's sequence excluded poems XXXV and XXXVI, the poems which deal with exile; this, however, does suggest that Joyce thought of Chamber Music as a unit which should not be disturbed by inclusion of disparate material.

In addition, Joyce did not choose the title for the volume of poems. In Stanislaus' letter to Herbert Gorman, November 23, 1946, he writes: "It was I who chose the title for the little volume of verses."[21]

It is of little value to prefer Stanislaus' arrangement merely because it "conforms to the larger outlines of Joyce's life."[22] Joyce himself had considerable artistic detachment. In a letter of 1909 to Geoffrey Palmer, who set some of the poems to music, he says:

> The book is in fact a suite of songs . . . The central song is XIV after which the movement is all downwards until XXXIV which is vitally the end of the book. XXXV and XXXVI are tailpieces just as I and III are preludes.[23]

He was writing after the 1907 publication of the poems; as stated before, according to Tindall Joyce had excluded poems XXXV and XXXVI entirely from his own sequence.[24]

Stanislaus Joyce placed the poems in the order of a conventional love-song cycle, moving from hope to despair and exile. He grouped like with like. When read in the order of the Beach-Gilvarry manuscript, the collection of poems assumes a different character. There is no longer a steady progression from one mood to the next. The first two poems, "Strings in the earth and air" and "At that hour when all things have repose", personify Love; and the second gives the time as night. The next three, "The twilight turns from amethyst", "When the shy star goes forth in heaven" and "Lean out of the window", are at twilight: calm lyrics which give an indefinite mood, tranquil and faintly rejoicing: the last two are addressed reassuringly to the beloved. The tone becomes stronger, carefree and gay in "Who goes amid the green wood/With springtide all adorning her?" and "My love is in a light attire", changing to slight entreaty in "Winds of May, that dance on the sea.../Saw you my true love anywhere?" With "Because your voice was at my side/I gave him pain", we break suddenly from the imagery of countryside and sky, and the triangular relationship of lover-beloved-friend (now estranged), is lightly sketched in. The following poems reinforce the theme of friendship lost and the retreat to love:

O Sweetheart, hear you
   Your lover's tale;
A man shall have sorrow
   When friends him fail .....

His hand is under
   Her smooth round breast;
So he who has sorrow
   Shall have rest.

(XVIII)

I would in that sweet bosom be.....
  Austerities were all the sweeter
So I were ever in that heart.

(VI)

Next, the estrangement has passed, and the wedding night is planned.

Bright cap and streamers,
   He sings in the hollow:
   Come follow, come follow,
      All you that love.....

And the time of dreaming
   Dreams is over--
   As lover to lover,
      Sweetheart, I come.

(X)

Go seek her out all courteously,
      And say I come,
Wind of spices whose song is ever,
      Epithalamium.....

(XIII)

The next poem uses the imagery of the Song of Solomon to celebrate the physical union of the lovers:

My dove, my beautiful one,
   Arise, arise!
   The night-dew lies
Upon my lips and eyes.....

(XIV)

The morning breaks:

From dewy dreams, my soul, arise.....

(XV)

followed by a consolation,

> Be not sad because all men
> Prefer a lying clamour before you . . .
> (XIX)

and the affirmation,

> This heart that flutters near my heart
> My hope and all my riches is . . .
> (XXIII)

The joy of this series of poems continues; from "Of that so sweet imprisonment / My soul, dearest, is fain --" to a praise again of the beloved in "Silently she's combing" and "O cool is the valley now," and "O, it was out by Donney-carney"; to the beloved's doubts about the duration of the love: "Gentle lady, do not sing / Sad songs about the end of love . . . ." Then quiet reproach: "Dear heart, why will you use me so?" (XXIX). Suddenly the love-relationship has ended -- "The leaves lie thick upon the way / Of memories" (XXXII). The last two lines of this poem, "Come, my beloved, where I may / Speak to your heart," introduce a song of consolation, a salve for the wounded love:

> Love came to us in time gone by
> When one at twilight shyly played
> And one in fear was standing nigh --
> For Love at first is all afraid.
>
> We were grave lovers. Love is past
> That had his sweet hours many a one;
> Welcome to us now at the last
> The ways that we shall go upon.
> (XXX)

The next poem is a longer summation of the past, and introduces the figure of the jester which Yeats used:[25]

> Now, O now, in this brown land
> Where Love did so sweet music make
> We two shall wander, hand in hand,
> Forbearing for old friendship' sake,
> Nor grieve because our love way gay
> Which now is ended in this way.
> (XXXIII)

The setting expands to include the earth, the tree, the wind, the rogue mentioned before, the autumn: "Grieve not, sweetheart, for anything -- / The year, the year is gathering." The final poem is like a coda; with winter comes distress and hardship, but together (?) the lovers sleep -- "O sleep, for the winter / Is crying 'Sleep no more'." (XXXIV)

More poems were added in 1903 or 1904, perhaps by Miss Beach,[26] but this is the sequence established by James Joyce. Padraic Colum comments, in The Joyce Book:

> The poems in Chamber Music have all that a musician looks for in a poet's arrangement of words -- syllables that can be articulated, range of expression within little compass, situation, contrast; and, above all, the charm that is in a spontaneous rendering of some stirring mood -- a charm which, being akin to melody, musicians readily feel.[27]

-- "A poet's arrangement of words": this is not an incorrect description of Joyce's method in all of his work. Most critics have recognized it; even F.R. Leavis in his attack on Finnegans Wake employs the phrase "The Revolution of the Word."[28]

John Kaestlin gives a remarkably perceptive account of Joyce's presumed and probable intention in his poems:

> In good art transition is inherent in masterpieces. The thought, such as there is, in Chamber Music is trivial; therefore what Joyce sought, to express an elementality of feeling, he was to find in the preoccupation with language. The strength of his poetry lies not in statement, but in the concision of a suggestion; in an intensity of impulse which we must distinguish from actual mysticism. It is a question of words, of accurately chiselled edges, of sounds carefully articulated. Joyce is a classicist because he tends to subordinate his own emotions to the form and reality of his creation.[29]

And again:

> . . /In contemporary poetry/ It is forgotten that the object of the artist whose medium is words and of the artist whose medium is life is identical: to find order in an indisputably amorphous welter. Over and above, there is the craving for new forms, which in the great majority of cases implies the lack of sufficient stature to fill the traditional frame, let alone to burst it. Joyce beats another track, his poetry is utilitarian; he works, probably more than any other, in the classical tradition of great influences. His attitude is generally Dantesque: ---a mediaeval leaning toward the compilation of epitomes.[30]

This quotation is referring to Pomes Penyeach as well as to the earlier volume. It would not be unfair to say that Joyce also possesses what L.C. Knights terms the reason why we read Shakespeare: "imaginative energy", the imagination being the ability of the mind to integrate disparate things (Coleridge).[31] Poetry restores the presentness of life.

Ezra Pound praises Chamber Music for its craftsmanship:

> We have here the lyric in some of its best traditions, and one pardons certain trifling inversions much against the taste of the moment, for the sake of the clean-cut ivory finish, and for the interest of the rhythms, the cross run of the beat and the word, as of a stiff wind cutting the ripple-tops of bright water.[32]

Yet the critical revulsion to the slightness and vagueness of content survives, embellished with various superstructures. Harry Levin, in his James Joyce: a critical Introduction, indulges in a type of critical double-talk: "If his criticism is too abstract, his poetry is too concrete, with an opaque kind of concreteness that may be only another form of abstraction."[33] The quality which Levin calls "concreteness" is probably the concern with everyday events that Frank Budgen relates:

> In the course of many talks with Joyce in Zürich I found that for him human character was best displayed -- I had almost said entirely displayed -- in the commonest acts of life . . . . Character, in short, lay not in the doing or not doing of a grand action, but in the peculiar and personal manner of performing a simple one. It lay also in a man's preferences.[34]

Perhaps Levin's "abstraction" refers to Joyce's respect for language, although Levin has somewhat jumbled his terms. Budgen's anecdote is relevant:

> I enquired about Ulysses. Was it progressing?
> "I have been working hard on it all day", said Joyce.
> "Does that mean that you have written a great deal?" I said.
> "Two sentences", said Joyce.
> I looked sideways but Joyce was not smiling. I thought of Flaubert.
> "You have been seeking the mot juste?" I said.
> "No", said Joyce. "I have the words already. What I am seeking is the perfect order of words in the sentence. There is an order in every way appropriate." /my italics/[35]

Joyce's concern with the form of a piece of writing is shown perhaps at its most intense and briefest in his Epiphanies. Yet in theme and in imagery Stephen Hero and A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man have close affinities with Chamber Music, and will be considered next.

CHAPTER III. "THE DIAPASON OF HIS SOUL"

In Dubliners, the persona implicit in Chamber Music turns chameleon and assumes various guises. He is given precision for the first time in Stephen Hero, where he is defined mainly in terms of a hero, the Stephen of his name. Stephen was the first Christian martyr; in Greek the name means "the crowned one". In A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, the child Stephen becomes an adolescent with noble aspirations to creativity: "I desire to press in my arms the loveliness which has not yet come into the world."[1] He meditates upon the meaning of his name Dedalus: "Now, as never before, his strange name seemed to him a prophecy."[2] "He would create proudly out of the freedom and power of his soul, as the great artificer whose name he bore, a living thing, new and soaring and beautiful, impalpable, imperishable."[3] The slightly different emphasis in the character of Stephen was deliberately created, since A Portrait was forged partly out of the manuscript of Stephen Hero.

What I would like to dwell upon in this chapter are the specific traits in these novels which seem to

derive from the poetry. As was mentioned earlier in the thesis, Louis Gillet speaks of Chamber Music as "a booklet which gives the diapason of /Joyce's/ soul and which was the basis of his future work, as Vita Nuova contains the germ of Dante's."[4] Frank Budgen says that

> They are mistaken who imagine that there is a gap in the production of Joyce at any point. His work is all of a piece. The form changes but the substance remains the same -- the fixed vision of the world as a whole, the hard, cool logic, the humour, boisterous or impish, the personal experiences; become for him symbolic, the pre-occupation with the mystery of the word.[5]

Yet it would be false to expect to find exactly the same attitudes in the three works, Stephen Hero, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, and Chamber Music; poetry operates differently from prose, although we do speak of "poetic prose". Poetry evokes a more emotional response, often more subtle and more complete. Lyric poetry cannot, however, present a sustained situation or character. Therefore, it is essential to keep in mind, so that we do not demand identity or complete similarity, this question:

> What reason is there to suppose that one aesthetic doctrine can be framed to include all the valuable kinds of what is called Literature.
>
> Yet, surprising though it may seem, the only author who appears to have expressly admitted this difficulty and recognized its importance is Rupert Brooke. "One of the perils attending on those who ask 'What is Art?' is", he says, "that they tend, as all men do, to find what they are looking for: a common quality in art . . . . Of the wrong ways of approaching the subject of 'Art', or even of any one art, this is the worst because it is the most harmful."[6]

W.K. Wimsatt, Jr. points out that to Aquinas and the scholastic Middle Ages, the bond between the several arts was not one of beauty or pleasure but, literally, one of art, ars or techne, a knowledge of how to make something. He says, however, in speaking of poetry, that

> It is necessary to expose oneself to the charge of being paradoxical. For poetry approximates the intuitive sensuous condition of paint and music not by being less verbal, less characteristic of verbal expression, but actually by being more than usually verbal, by being hyperverbal. Poetry achieves concreteness, particularity, and something like sensuous shape not by relevance of local texture, in its meter or in its images . . . , but by extra relevance or hyper-relevance, the inter-relational density of words taken in their fullest, most inclusive and symbolic character.[7]

More concisely, I.A. Richards states that poetry is the supreme form of emotive language, in which reference is subordinated to attitude.[8]

In prose, generally, reference is a requisite and primary factor. We speak of themes in a novel, because ideas and their portrayal in character and action are part of the structure of imaginative prose writing. Although we assume that the genre of the novel leads us to speak in terms of plot, incident, character, theme, it is an extremely flexible definition, which we apply both to Virginia Woolf's The Waves and to Turgenev's Fathers and Sons and Tolstoy's Anna Karenina. Between these extremes lie the novels of James Joyce, although

they lean towards the fluid nature of impressionistic prose.

Stephen Hero and A Portrait of course seek to delve into character, but a major element in the process is the effort to define Stephen's vocation. He aspires to create, in a particular medium: language. The theme of words and literature, as well as the book's own experimentation with language, is constant. Early in Stephen Hero, in the discussion of the theory of verse between Maurice and Stephen, we hear of Stephen's exploration of language.

> People seemed to him strangely ignorant of the value of the words they used so glibly. And pace by pace as this indignity of life forced itself upon him he became enamoured of an idealising, a more veritably human tradition. The phenomenon seemed to him a grave one and he began to see that people had leagued themselves together in a conspiracy of ignobility and that destiny had scornfully reduced her prices for them. He desired no such reduction for himself and preferred to serve her on the ancient terms.[9]

Words themselves are, of course, the link between all forms of literature, between poetry and prose. Coleridge, whose work forces us to reconsider our conceptions of man's being, of the nature of his mind and its knowledge, brings us to the threshold of preoccupation with the How of language. In speaking of poetry, he says that "The rules of the IMAGINATION are themselves the very powers of growth and production. The words to which they are reducible present only the outlines and external appearance of the

fruit" (B.L., II, 65).[10] I.A. Richards, in Coleridge on Imagination, points out that all objects are projections of man's interests and are known by reflection developed through language. The study of the modes of language is thus "the most fundamental and extensive of all inquiries."[11] That which language communicates in great art, according to Coleridge, is "the balance or reconciliation of opposite or discordant qualities . . . the sense of novelty and freshness, with old and familiar objects; a more than usual state of emotion, with more than usual order; judgement ever awake and a steady self-possession, with enthusiasm and feeling profound or vehement."[12] In Richards' interpolation, there is a sort of deliverance created by a work of art which produces a larger perspective to the audience:

> Our interest is not canalised in one direction rather than another. It becomes ready instead to take any direction we choose . . . . We become impersonal or disinterested . . . . Simultaneously, as another aspect of the same adjustment, our individuality becomes differentiated or isolated from the individualities of things around us. We become less "mixed into" other things. As we become more ourselves, they become more themselves, because we are less dependent upon the particular impulses which they each arouse in us . . . . Art is a means of establishing relations with personalities not otherwise accessible.[13]

In consequence, Richards considers that the theories of art as revelation come nearer to supplying an account of the value of art than any traditional doctrine, although they raise problems as well.[14] Theories of criticism,

therefore, are not "measuring-rods": "We must use them as we use a microscope -- not as we use a centrifuge or a sieve. They cannot choose for us, but we cannot choose without them . . . ."[15]

Thus, although we cannot group the poetry with the prose and expect certain elements to filter out, as in chemical analysis, we can notice analogies. All of Joyce's writing is extremely marked by symbolism, and by the symbolist creed that the task of the artist is to metamorphose the matter of experience into aesthetic reality. This metamorphosis is of necessity a static or self-contained process, as is the lyric poem. Similarly, the style of A Portrait is all-inclusive, expansive and loose; the book has no plot-line but instead revolves about more or less isolated incidents -- incidents which are not related in a conventional pattern or problem, action, resolution, dénouement. The book, like Browning's The Ring and the Book, describes the process of art; we view Stephen from all sides, as it were, and the omniscient point of view presents us with a composite picture of him. The title of the earlier work, Stephen Hero, suggests the importance (perhaps ironic) attached by the author to Stephen in the milieu of Dublin society; the later title the predominantly aesthetic and introverted character of the boy. Both novels are descriptive, with little direction to their plot. As such they might be described as being static, as investigations

of character through meditation and conversation rather than by action. There is a comment by Edmund Wilson in Axel's Castle which reinforces this view:

> It has always been characteristic of Joyce to neglect action, narrative, drama, of the usual kind, even the direct impact on one another of the characters as we get it in the ordinary novel, for a sort of psychological portraiture. There is tremendous vitality in Joyce, but very little movement. Like Proust, he is symphonic rather than narrative. His fiction has its progressions, its developments, but they are musical rather than dramatic.[16]

The lyric, of course, is far closer to "musical" writing than it is to dramatic.

In the language of Wylie Sypher, both books are "nearseeing", art in which the field of vision shrinks but the bulk or plenitude increases, a shift from object to subject. It is also, like Hamlet and the work of El Greco, "free" art: vaporous, non-perspective vision. It is analogous to renaissance style, a style of decorative isolation, of ornamental surface best expressed in the emblem, of man in the foreground but touching a reality beyond the confines of this perspective. Yet, like late-baroque style, it strives for psychological unity and symmetry, as in Racine's plays. Such works centre on "the self-aware self", and "reduce life to its essential inner debate, the logos which is the oracle within the will."[17] Self-consciousness is necessarily drama because, as Hume points out, every affirmation involves a contradiction because every proposition implies the existence

of its opposite. The unity of late-baroque art is psychological or intuitive; its catharsis is not the baroque release in the flesh, but "an acceptance of the known imperatives of one's own being."[18] Late-baroque style achieves the reduction of life to the inward equation, which is to a great extent the "matter" of Joyce's work.

What we see in Joyce's style becomes evident in an examination of its content. In Stephen Hero the martyrdom of St. Stephen is recalled indirectly. His life, as related by Acts 6: 8-15, is in brief: a young man performs miracles, is accused, defends himself, sees a vision of Jesus, is stoned, dies and is buried. His forgiveness of his tormentors before his death, "Lord, lay not this sin to their charge," corresponds closely to Christ's "Forgive them, for they know not what they do" at the crucifixion. The story of Stephen the martyr has considerable affinity with the story of an artist in the midst of an antagonistic environment; both investigate introspection, and bravery, and perseverance.

Thematically, this struggle is presaged in Chamber Music, in the vicissitudes of Love's fortune, and especially in the poem which reflects betrayal:

> Because your voice was at my side
> I gave him pain,
> Because within my hand I held
> Your hand again.

There is no word nor any sign
Can make amend --
He is a stranger to me now
Who was my friend.

(XVII)

Similarly, the following poem sadly speaks of rejection:

. . . . . .
A man shall have sorrow
When friends him fail.

For he shall know then
Friends be untrue
And a little ashes
Their words come to.
. . . . . .

(XVIII)

And, of course, there is the well-known poem --

He who hath glory lost, nor hath
Found any soul to fellow his,
Among his foes in scorn and wrath
Holding to ancient nobleness,
That high unconsortable one --
His love is his companion.

(XXI)

Even in his earliest written piece, "Trust not appearances" (1896?), Joyce speaks cautiously of friendship: "The friend, who is but the fane of fortune, fawns and grovels at the feet of wealth."[19]

So, in A Portrait, Stephen first finds injustice in the flogging by Father Dolan, and he learns: "No, it was best to hide out of the way because when you were small and young you could often escape that way."[20] He finds outside elements -- friends, school, parents -- a burden to him:

And it was the din of all these hollowsounding voices that made him halt irresolutely in the pursuit of phantoms. He gave them ear only for a time but he was happy only when he was far from them, beyond their call, alone or in the company of phantasmal comrades.[21]

While Stephen is aware of the futility of his isolation, he cannot escape the self-imposed feeling of alienation from his family. This feeling might be an interpolation of one of the lyrics in Chamber Music, for the lyric expresses it exactly:

> All day I hear the noise of waters
> Making moan,
> Sad as the sea-bird is, when going
> Forth alone,
> He hears the winds cry to the waters'
> Monotone.
>
> The grey winds, the cold winds are blowing
> Where I go.
> I hear the noise of many waters
> Far below.
> All day, all night, I hear them flowing
> To and fro.
>
> (XXXV)

The phrase "the noise of many waters" is repeated in A Portrait. It is also a perfect evocation of the Anna Livia Plurabelle episode in Finnegans Wake.

A spirit of melancholy invades many of the poems, and is certainly akin to the moods of Stephen in Stephen Hero and A Portrait. As autobiographical information, the isolation of the persona in Chamber Music seems to fit with Joyce's own experience. Herbert Howarth says that in the winter of 1902 to 1903 Joyce read Jonson's "Apologeticall

Dialogue" on his battle with his audience:

> if I proue the pleasure of but one,
> So he indicious be: He shall b'alone
> A Theatre unto me: Once, I'll say,
> To strike the eare of time, in those fresh straines,
> As shall, beside the cunning of their ground,
> Giue cause to some of wonder, some despight,
> And unto more, despaire, to imitate their sound.
> I, that spend halfe my nights, and all my dayes,
> Here in a cell, to get a darke, pale face,
> To come forth worth the iuy, or the bayes,
> And in this age can hope no other grace --
> Leaue me. There's something come into my thought,
> That must, and shall be sung, high, and aloofe,
> Safe from the wolves black iawe, and the dull asses hoofe.

Howarth continues, to say that "After 1907 Yeats made the same passage his touchstone, incorporated it into the great sonnet at the end of Responsibilities, and thought of it when he abandoned hope of the popular stage of Shakespeare or Sophocles and turned to a select chamber audience."[22] In some sense the isolation described in Chamber Music is dependent upon the figure of the girl; "His love is his companion." In a way she is the recipient of his "confession," at least of his grief and solitude. The imagery surrounding her is of a bird, connoting peace:

> I wait by the cedar tree,
> My sister, my love.
> White breast of the dove,
> My breast shall be your bed.
> (XIV)

Here, the introduction of the bird produces a static, aesthetic, image: the apotheosis of the ordinary, with "bed" suggesting a haven. Similarly, in A Portrait, the vision which Stephen sees on the strand is of one "whom

magic had changed into the likeness of a strange and beautiful seabird. Her long slender bare legs were delicate as a crane's and pure save where an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh. Her thighs, fuller and softhued as ivory, were bared almost to the hips where the white fringes of her drawers were like featherings of soft white down. Her slateblue skirts were kilted boldly about her waist and dovetailed behind her. Her bosom was as a bird's, soft and slight, slight and soft as the breast of some dark-plumaged dove."[23] Shortly after this experience, Stephen lies down in a sandy nook on the beach:

> He closed his eyes in the languor of sleep. His eyelids trembled as if they felt the vast cyclic movement of the earth and her watchers, trembled as if they felt the strange light of some new world. His soul was swooning into some new world, fantastic, dim, uncertain as under sea, traversed by cloudy shapes and beings. A world, a glimmer, or a flower? Glimmering and trembling, trembling and unfolding, a breaking light, an opening flower, it spread in endless succession to itself, breaking in full crimson and unfolding and fading to palest rose, leaf by leaf and wave of light by wave of light, flooding all the heavens with its soft flushes, every flush deeper than other.[24]

> Evening had fallen. A rim of the young moon cleft the pale waste of skyline, the rim of a silver hoop embedded in grey sand; and the tide was flowing in fast to the land with a low whisper of her waves, islanding a few last figures in distant pools.[25]

These passages are each a sort of epiphany. In <u>A Portrait</u>, they represent particularly an aesthetic ideal; in the poetry the ideal is of love and perfection in love. Both

involve a stopping of time, the transformation of reality, and the blossoming-forth of the arrival at security. Mary and Padraic Colum refer to the change from dialectic and communication in Stephen Hero to epiphany in A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.[26]

The images of the novels -- the flower, the moon, the tide -- all occur in Chamber Music. The glowing light of dawn is juxtaposed with "the flowery bells of morn," in a poem which joyously entreats the soul to arise "from love's deep slumber and from death" (XV). In XII, the persona chastises the counsel of the "hooded moon." The last poem of the volume, "I hear an army charging upon the land," can be read as a dramatization of the movement of the tides, with "thunder of horses plunging, foam about their knees." The Irish god of the sea, Ler, had a son Mananaan who rode on a chariot which crossed the waves, which were called "the son of Ler's horses." Ler was associated with the island Wonderland, and is said to have given the gods immortality and magic food; he possessed armour which made the wearer invulnerable, and a sword terrifying to all who saw it. Thus the army of the poem, which comes "shaking in triumph their long, green hair: / They come out of the sea and run shouting by the shore." This aspect of the poem (XXXV) was only hinted at by Tindall in his Notes (Columbia Centennial Edition of Chamber Music).

It is significant that many of the images recur; however, there are differences in context. Obviously, in the poetry, there is no consistent pattern that should be established; for example, the tide symbolizing flux, uncertainty, creativity, as it does throughout Ulysses. It is true, I think, that even in the early work Joyce uses language as an orchestra; that, in Chamber Music, he was not as concerned with the patterning of images and thus of meaning as he was concerned with verbal effect. Hodgart and Worthington, in Song in the Works of James Joyce, say that music to Joyce had form and tone and rhythm; it was a pattern heard in a sphere.[27] In Ulysses there are allusions to about four hundred songs; in Finnegans Wake to over one thousand, including all but two of one hundred twenty-four Irish Melodies of Thomas Moore. In Our Friend James Joyce, Mary and Padraic Colum relate that Joyce's early definition (circa 1902) of the lyric was "the simple liberation of a rhythm."[28] In an essay of 1904 called "A Portrait of the Artist", he wrote that "a portrait is not an identificative paper but the curve of an emotion."[29] The resemblance between these statements, the reduction of the written word to a feeling or a rhythm, is extremely interesting. It would seem that the idea was present to him that there was some "essence" which could be released through the mellifluous nature of sensation.

However, Joyce began writing prose very early in his life -- the essays which make up the volume of Critical

Writings, and the epiphanies. Mary Colum relates that: " . . . at one of my meetings with /Joyce/ on this return trip /to Ireland/ in 1909, I talked to him about poems of his that were in my memory. 'I am not a poet,' he told me. This meant that he felt he was able to put more of himself into prose. (It meant, too, apparently, that he thought the published poems were too youthful, now, in terms of the prose he was writing. He had wanted, I later learned, to send a telegram to the publisher of Chamber Music to hold up publication, because he wished to appear first as a prose writer.)"[30] It is obvious why a man of Joyce's massive and eclectic knowledge should prefer prose, with its immensely wider scope for character portrayal, situational development, and varied description. It is like Chaucer relinquishing his dream-vision poems in order to write The Canterbury Tales.

The manipulation of words which is heightened in poetry becomes an avocation of the young man in Stephen Hero. It is explicitly linked with revelation, with the eucharist, in this paragraph:

> As he walked thus through the ways of the city he had his ears and eyes ever prompt to receive impressions. It was not only in Skeat that he found words for his treasure-house, he found them also at haphazard in the shops, on advertisements, in the mouths of the plodding public. He kept repeating them to himself till they lost all instantaneous meaning for him and became wonderful vocables. He was determined to fight with every energy of soul and body against any possible consignment to what he now regarded as the hell of hells -- the region, otherwise expressed, wherein everything is found to be obvious --

and the saint who formerly was "chary of speech" in obedience to a commandment of silence could just be recognized in the artist who schooled himself to silence lest words should return him his discourtesy. Phrases came to him asking to have themselves explained. He said to himself: I must wait for the Eucharist to come to me: and then he set about translating the phrase into common sense. He spent days and nights hammering noisily as he built a house of silence for himself wherein he might await his Eucharist, days and nights gathering the first fruits and every peace-offering and heaping them upon his altar whereon he prayed clamorously the burning token of satisfaction might descend. In class, in the hushed library, in the company of other students he would suddenly hear a command to begone, to be alone, a voice agitating the very tympanum of his ear, a flame leaping with divine cerebral life. He would obey the command and wander up and down the streets alone, the fervour of his hope sustained by ejaculations until he felt sure that it was useless to wander any more: and then he would return home with a deliberate, unflagging step piecing together meaningless words and phrases with deliberate unflagging seriousness.[31]

The tone and thematic basis of Chamber Music are analogous to the lyrics which Stephen discusses with Cranly in Stephen Hero:

But in his expressions of love he found himself compelled to use what he called the feudal terminology and as he could not use it with the same faith and purpose as animated the feudal poets themselves he was compelled to express his love a little ironically. This suggestion of relativity, he said, mingling itself with so immune a passion is a modern note: we cannot swear or expect eternal fealty because we recognize too accurately the limits of every human energy. It is not possible for the modern lover to think the universe an assistant at his love-affair and modern love, losing somewhat of its fierceness, gains also somewhat in amiableness.[32]

The "wreath of songs" mentioned in these pages[33] was woven around a mediaeval conception of woman; Joyce said in a letter to Nora that "she /the girl of the poems/ was perhaps (as I saw her in my imagination) a girl fashioned into a curious grave beauty by the culture of generations before

her . . . ."[34]

It seems that the relationship between Chamber Music and the first novels is a very basic one, and embraces both theme and structure. Resemblances could be found with Dubliners, but the unity of thought and expression in the whole work cannot so clearly be displayed.

CHAPTER IV. EPIPHANIES: INROAD TO PROSE

James Joyce began writing what he called epiphanies in 1902 and between then and 1906 we have over thirty (twenty-two published) of these short sketches, carefully recorded on separate sheets. They are a bit like the paintings of the French Impressionists; a moment seized, a ballet dancer half-seen behind a wing, a lady in a café walking into the side of the picture. Fleeting bits of dialogue, barely connected. Or else a short description of an instant of movement.

According to Harry Levin, the technique of the epiphany is "the single word that tells the whole story . . . the simple gesture that reveals a complex set of relationships."[1] In Stephen Hero, Stephen says that an epiphany is "a sudden spiritual manifestation, whether in the vulgarity of speech or of gesture or in a memorable phrase of the mind itself."[2] Again, with Cranly he develops his aesthetic theory:

> First we recognize that the object is one integral thing, then we recognize that it is an organized composite structure, a thing in fact: finally, when the relation of the parts is exquisite, when the parts are adjusted to the special point, we recognize that it is that thing which it is. Its soul, its whatness, leaps to us from the vestment of its appearance. The soul of the commonest object, the structure of which is so adjusted, seems to us radiant. The object achieves its epiphany.[3]

In fact, the technique and the theory are closely related, but the technique is operable both in isolation and within the framework of a short story or novel. It is not known if Joyce considered the episodes which were published in 1956 as Epiphanies, as prose poems. Ellmann, in fact, says that

> In prose /Joyce/ thought he might achieve more subtlety than in meter. Accordingly he began in 1900, and continued until 1903, to write a series of what, because he was following no one, he declined to call prose poems as others would have done. For these he evolved a new and more startling descriptive term, "epiphanies".[4]

Joyce's avoidance of the term "prose poem" does not negate its applicability by the observer, but it is interesting that he thought of the term "epiphany" as having the same function, being of the same type, as "prose poem". This certainly augments the argument that the term should have a very limited usage.[5]

Not all the poems today included in the volumes of English Literature were submitted by the author for publication, and it is unlikely that St. John Perse would mark "poem" on a page of his prose-like verse so that it could be identified. Baudelaire and his successor Rimbaud both wrote "poèmes en prose," and both influenced Joyce. In From Gautier to Eliot, Enid Starkie writes:

> During that year in Paris /Joyce/ spent his time in the creation of a dozen or more plotless sketches, flashes of mood and place, flashes of life, which he called Epiphanies, which seemed to have some resemblance to the Illuminations by Rimbaud . . . .[6]

The Illuminations are considered to be Rimbaud's masterpiece and, the critics tell us, provide a new form, freer and richer in possibilities. There are psalm-like repetitions, as in "Enfance". There are brief presentations of a scene, such as Joyce uses; for example, in "Royauté":

> Un beau matin, chez un peuple fort doux, un homme et une femme superbes criaient sur la place publique: "Mes amis, je veux qu'elle soit reine!" "Je veux être reine!" Elle riait et tremblait. Il parlait aux amis de révélation, d'épreuve terminée. Ils se pâmaient l'un contre l'autre.
> En effet, ils furent rois toute une matinée où les tentures carminées se relevèrent sur les maisons, et toute l'après-midi, où ils s'avancèrent du côté des jardins de palmes.[7]

There are passages hailing the entrance of a symbolic being, such as "Being Beauteous":

> Devant une neige un Etre de Beauté de haute taille. Des sifflements de mort et des cercles de musique sourde font monter, s'élargir et trembler comme un spectre ce corps adoré; des blessures éclarlates et noires éclatent dans les chairs superbes. Les couleurs propres de la vie se foncent, dansent, et se dégagent autour de la Vision, sur le chantier. Et les frissons s'élèvent et grondent, et la saveur forcenée de ces effets se chargeant avec les sifflements mortels et les raugues musiques, que le monde, loin derrière nous, lance sur notre mère de beauté, -- elle recule, elle se dresse. Oh! nos os sont revêtus d'un nouveau corps amoureux.
>
> - - - -
>
> O la face cendrée, l'écusson de crin, les bras de cristal! Le canon sur lequel je dois m'abattre à travers la mêlée des arbres et de l'air léger![8]

With a similar creation Joyce writes:

> She comes at night when the city is still; invisible, inaudible, all unsummoned. She comes from her ancient seat to visit the least of her children, mother most venerable, as though he had never been alien to her. She knows the inmost heart; therefore she is gentle, nothing exacting; saying, I am susceptible of change, an imaginative influence in the hearts of my children. Who has pity

for you when you are sad among the strangers? Years and years I loved you when you lay in my womb.[9]

A dictionary definition of a prose poem is this: "any composition characterized by intensity and beauty of language or thought."[10] Edward Sapir, in his study of language, finds that two distinct orders of patterns are intertwined: patterns of reference and patterns of expression. He continues: " . . . language may not only refer to experience or even mold, interpret, and discover experience, but . . . it also substitutes for it in the sense that in those sequences of interpersonal behavior which form the greater part of our daily lives speech and action supplement each other to do each other's work in a web of unbroken pattern."[11] It seems, furthermore, that language, even language of expression, in a poem need not be straitly placed in a grid of metre and rhyme and elongated form. In The Well Wrought Urn Cleanth Brooks discusses the heresy of paraphrase and incidentally defines a poem:

> The essential structure of a poem . . . resembles that of architecture or painting: it is a pattern of resolved stresses . . . . It is a pattern of resolutions and balances and harmonizations, developed through a temporal scheme.[12]

> The characteristic unity of a poem . . . lies in the unification of attitudes into a hierarchy subordinated to a total and governing attitude . . . . The conclusion of the poem is the working out of the various tensions -- set up by whatever means -- by propositions, metaphors, symbols. The unity is achieved by a dramatic process, not a logical; it represents an equilibrium of forces, not a formula.[13]

It seems clear that the Epiphanies can justly be regarded as prose poems. They do transform experience, they are symbolic and vigorous, or delicate and evocative, within harmonious form. They possess another attribute of Joyce's aesthetic: stasis. Maurice Beebe says that "The missing link between stasis and formal rhythm is found in Joyce's original notes, in the discussion of comedy", and proceeds to quote Joyce: "An improper art aims at exciting in the way of comedy the feeling of desire, but the feeling which is proper to comic art is the feeling of joy . . . . For desire urges us from rest that we may possess something but joy holds us in rest so long as we possess something . . . . this rest is necessary for the apprehension of the beautiful -- the end of all art, tragic or comic -- for this rest is the only condition under which the images, which are to excite in us terror or pity or joy, can be properly presented to us and properly seen by us. For beauty is a quality of something seen but terror and pity and joy are states of mind."[14]

Equated with the stasis of art is the detachment of the artist. Yet S.L. Goldberg asserts that "/Joyce's epiphanies/ are sharp, economical fragments, but they are so depersonalised in their 'objectivity' that they end up with a merely subjective significance."[15] It is difficult to decipher this kind of remark. Its major failure is its lack of recognition of symbolic writing, which by its very

nature is "subjective" to its creator (this we infer) but which is patently objective, relating not to any "real" situation or person or action.

The reaction of Yeats to the epiphanies is important. Instead of dismissing them, he writes that

> /Joyce/ read me a beautiful though immature and eccentric harmony of little prose descriptions and meditations. He had thrown over metrical form, he said, that he might get a form so fluent that it would respond to the motions of the spirit. I praised his work but he said, "I really don't care whether you like what I am doing or not. It won't make the least difference to me. Indeed I don't know why I am reading to you."[16]

The "form so fluent that it would respond to the motions of the spirit" was an ambitious goal. It implies, in its "musical" connotation, an attempt to manipulate words in a rhythmic fashion but unhampered by the restrictions of metre. At any event the aim was a proud and lofty one. After his meeting with Lady Gregory, Joyce began to make plans for his departure to France on December 1st, 1902. He told Stanislaus that, "in case of his untimely death, copies of both his verses and epiphanies should be sent to all the great libraries of the world, the Vatican not excepted."[17] This he later satirized in Ulysses.

The writing of epiphanies was part of Joyce's break with his previous life, part of his experiment with measuring himself. In a letter to Stanislaus of February 8, 1903, he said he had written a further fifteen epiphanies, and that George Russell (AE) did not care for them.

> And so help me devil I will write only the things that approve themselves to me and I will write them the best way I can. It is the same way with boots. O, I have revelled in ties, coats, boots, hats, since I came here -- all imaginary! So damn Russell, damn Yeats, damn Skeffington, damn Darlington, damn editors, damn free-thinkers, damn vegetable verse and double damn vegetable philosophy. /A reference to Theosophy/[18]

Shortly after this, he began to incorporate his epiphanies into his short stories and novels, but in A Portrait he abandons use of the term during Stephen's exposition of his aesthetics.

An aspect of the Epiphanies which relates to Joyce's aesthetic theories is a result of their static quality: they become spatial. They are a means of perception, an instrument, a structure which provides a widening, inclusive sense of the object perceived. It has been mentioned before that Joyce was well-read in the French Symbolists -- he translated "Les sanglots longues" by Verlaine before 1899[19] -- and knew Arthur Symons' book, The Symbolist Movement in Modern Literature. Symons maintained that a major source of inspiration for Baudelaire, Verlaine, Huysmans, and Mallarmé was Edgar Allan Poe. Symons stated that rhetoric, exteriorities and descriptions ought to be supplanted by magical evocations of more beautiful things. Poe wrote that "indefiniteness is an element of the true music /of poetry/ . . . a suggestive indefiniteness of meaning with a view of bringing about a definiteness of vague and therefore of spiritual effect."[20] In an article entitled "Joyce's

debt to Poe and the French Symbolists," M.E. Kronegger writes that:

> It is significant that in discussing aesthetics Joyce often refers to Conan Doyle, for the latter was much impressed by Poe, especially by his theories of ratiocination. In "A Philosophy of Composition" Poe compares the composition of poetry to the finding of a cryptogram. Both Doyle's stories and Joyce's epiphanies reveal a structural indebtedness to a kind of mathematical formulation of images in relationship to basic themes. The method reveals the conscious imposition of the artist's will and design upon his material.[21]

Joyce also met Paul Valéry,[22] whose affiliation with the group is evident in his concept of "la poésie pure," a state where "la continuité musicale ne serait jamais interrompue, où les relations de significations seraient elles-mêmes perpétuellement pareilles à des rapports harmoniques, où la transmutation des pensées les unes dans les autres paraîtrait plus importante que toute pensée, où le jeu des figures contiendrait la réalité du sujet." It is a state of complete harmony, of firm fusion of technique and thought.

The other great influence on Joyce was that of Mallarmé. It is probable that in December of 1902 when Joyce came to study in Paris, he first read the Divagations of Mallarmé.[23] The doctrine of lucidity, of the author's distance from his work, the aspiration to liberate "l'âme de la littérature," the theory of suggestion, all are reflected in Joyce's launching of the epiphany, especially the motto of "céder l'initiative aux mots." Léon-Paul Fargue, member of the symbolist group and friend to Joyce, wrote:

> . . . ce que Mallarmé réussit à faire en tournant, en contournant le chapeau haut de forme du vague, et combien métaphorique ce chapeau, le diabolo de la politesse; James Joyce s'y est appliqué avec l'oeil précis de l'opticien ou du lapidaire.[24]

And, David Hayman says that Joyce probably read Fargue's article before its publication.[25]

Joyce's aim in his epiphanies was akin to Mallarmé's theory of suggestion. He remarked to Frank Budgen that he disliked direct statement. Mallarmé wrote: "Nommer un objet, c'est supprimer les trois-quarts de la jouissance du poème qui est faite de deviner peu à peu: le suggérer, voilà le rêve. C'est le parfait usage de ce mystère qui constitue le symbole: évoquer petit à petit un objet . . . ."[26] His idea was of a "moi intime" -- "essence" in Joyce's terms -- which the poet is to find and reveal to the reader. His method then is to

> suggérer l'objet qui éveille en nous l'émotion, qui nous révèle notre "moi." Ainsi, l'objet reste à peine entrevu, ou entrevu seulement à travers le mystère. Ce n'est pas à l'objet d'exprimer l'inexprimable . . . . C'est la difficulté même -- cet effort demandé, cette "série de déchiffrements" -- qui suscite la forêt intérieure; c'est le "tiers aspect":
>
> > "Instituer une relation entre les images exacte, et que s'en détache un tiers aspect fusible et clair présenté à la divination . . ." (OC 365)
>
> Soulignons exacte. Mallarmé allant du concret à l'abstrait commence toujours avec une idée concrète au lieu de se laisser aller à la manière des surréalistes. Ce système est aussi celui de Joyce. C'est la façon d'agir des tempéraments classiques; elle mène inévitablement à la poésie intellectuelle.[27]

From this also stems Joyce's delight in coincidence and recurrence.

Marshall McLuhan sees Mallarmé's theories as the acknowledgement of a new, impersonalized method of communication. "/The artist's/ task had become not self-expression but the release of life in things. Un Coup de Dés illustrates the road /Mallarmé/ took in the exploitation of all things as gestures of the mind, magically adjusted to the secret powers of being . . . . But the price he must pay is total self-abnegation."[28] To McLuhan, Joyce and Mallarmé are representatives of art as cognition versus the cathartic, ethical view of art "as a moral discipline and a study of endurance."[29] To an artist like Joyce,

> Existence must speak for itself. It is already richly and radiantly signed. The artist has merely to reveal, not to forge the signatures of existence. But he can only put these in order by discovering the orchestral analogies in things themselves. The result will be "the hymn, harmony and joy, as a pure ensemble ordered in the sharpest and most vivid circumstance of their interrelations. Man charged with divine vision has no other mode of expression save the parallelism of pages as a means of expressing the links, the whims, the limpidity on which he gazes."[30]

> In fact, the new poet will take as much care to avoid a style that is not in things themselves as literary men have in the past sought to achieve and impose one.[31]

As McLuhan says, the retracing and reconstruction principle of art emerged in the eighteenth century, of which the supreme example is Tristram Shandy; the multiplicity of association returned with the symbolists.

The interpretation of and significance given to the epiphany as technique varies considerably from critic to critic. There are those who regard it as an all-pervasive

method. Theodore Spencer regards the passage on epiphanies in Stephen Hero as "central to an understanding of Joyce as an artist, and we might describe his successive works as illustrations, intensifications and enlargements of it."[32] S.L. Goldberg regards Joyce's "stream of consciousness" as dependent upon a number of conventions, including that "the paragraph forms the dramatic unit and is the artistic medium of a particular act of understanding. As Joyce uses it, the paragraph embodies both an act of the character's 'soul', an act that expresses his values in the way he grasps some part of his world, and at the same time the inner shape of that world as he grasps it. In other words, it is a mature version of what Joyce had once called the 'epiphany' -- in which what one sees, and what one feels, fact and value, are fused in an act of understanding."[33] On the other hand, there are those critics, rather few, who feel that the use of 'epiphany' as a term of criticism is misleading; firstly, because as originally conceived the epiphany was a piece of prose without context, whereas in a short story or novel it becomes functional and dramatic, revealing character, attitude, plot -- denying in some sense its claim to stasis. Secondly, according to Robert Scholes, there is no mention of the theory of epiphany in letters or notebooks or recorded conversations after 1904.[34]

A sort of compromise through classification was effected by Irene Hendry. She speaks of four types of epiphany: first,

the moment of revelation without a narrative base (this she also finds in Joyce's poetry[35]); second, the perception of the object through identification with Stephen; third, observation of phenomena within the character's mind; fourth, the radiance attached to the image itself rather than to a perceiving consciousness. She regards the epiphany as a function of language itself, "the vehicle of the radiant esthetic experience itself," and at the same time it is intimately related to the plan of Joyce's work as a whole.[36] She gives a convincing account of its use in the process of characterization:

> This technique represents the ultimate in "objective" characterization, "revealing" an individual essence by means of a detail or an object to which it has only a fortuitous relation; the pandybat expresses Father Dolan's soul not because it resembles him in any way but because it is associated with him in an act that marks him forever in Stephen's eyes. Through Joyce's fourth epiphany technique (in which claritas is a tiny, perfunctory flash, all but absorbed by quidditas) we can trace out a virtual iconography of the characters, like the systematic recurrence of emblems and attitudes among the figures in sacred art. This was probably intentional on the part of Joyce, who was curiously "influenced" by medieval concepts and methods . . . and whose preoccupation with symmetry and correspondence and the-microcosm-within-the-macrocosm would have been worthy of Dante . . . .[37]

She makes further remarks regarding the development of Joyce's language which will arise later in the chapter on style.

It seems that Joyce meant by epiphany the short pieces published by Silverman, yet he mentions the theory in Stephen Hero, and if the term is not used in A Portrait, still the theory remains the same.

CHAPTER V. INNOVATION AND POMES PENYEACH

Joyce's second volume of verse, Pomes Penyeach, appeared after the publication of Ulysses, and is entirely different from the earlier work, Chamber Music, although it appears that at least eight of the poems were written between 1904 and 1916.[1] The book received greater critical acclaim than did Chamber Music; for example, Morton Dauwen Zabel, who largely dismisses the first volume, finds that the lyrics in Pomes Penyeach integrate the disparate elements drawn from other poets, and portray an individual poetic character for the first time. "The sedulous understudy which kept him /Joyce/ from attaining intimacy or a unifying personality in his earlier work is largely avoided."[2] Pound capriciously did not think Pomes Penyeach worth printing, while Archibald MacLeish was very enthusiastic. On July 7, 1927, Shakespeare and Company issued the volume, bound in the green of Joyce's favorite apple, the Calville.[3]

The next month, in a letter to Miss Weaver (August 14, 1927), Joyce wrote: "I saw AE's review of P.P. /Pomes Penyeach/. It is not unfriendly, though I doubt if he can like

very much verse which is not about an idea."[4] This acknowledgement of the fragile idea-content of the poems should be kept in mind.

Pomes Penyeach introduces a further dimension of language -- verbal pun and word-amalgamation. The title is a visual pun, "Pomes" suggesting the French "pommes," thus evoking the call of the fruit-vendor, as well as the actual practice in Ireland of announcing the selling of printed sheets by a cry. The volume sold for a shilling, a penny each for twelve poems; but it contains thirteen, the first of which is called "Tilly"; this, as Padraic Colum pointed out, is the extra measure left by the milkman at the door. The title thus is a kind of practical literary joke. Pomes Penyeach is partly an evocation of place, of cities and towns, of atmosphere. As Colum points out, the poems are often of night:

> This collection appears to have the same relation to Chamber Music as Work in Progress has to Ulysses. Ulysses is of the day, Work in Progress belongs to the night. Before he planned Ulysses and Work in Progress Joyce had made a book of the day and a book of the night -- Chamber Music and Pomes Penyeach.[5]

The subject-matter of these poems is much more diversified than that of the earlier volume. Father-feeling and protectiveness appear in "On the Beach at Fontana" and in "Simples." "A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight" has a Shakespearean flavour. Of thematic interest

and affinity -- as a precursor -- is the poem given in Richard Ellmann's biography; it was written about 1904, the time of the first of those in Pomes Penyeach:

> Come out to where the youth is met
> Under the moon, beside the sea,
> And leave your weapon and your net,
> Your loom and your embroidery.
>
> Bring back the pleasantness of days
> And crystal moonlight on the shore.
> Your feet have woven many a maze
> In old times on the ivory floor.
>
> The weapons and the looms are mute
> And feet are hurrying by the sea.
> I hear the viol and the flute,
> The sackbut and the psaltery.[6]

Besides the general frame of remembrance of love and youth, there is the specific reference to Penelope's loom, and by inference to Telemachus: "Come out to where the youth is met." The poem might even be addressed to Ulysses.

The poems in Pomes Penyeach are, similarly, "occasional poems" -- as this poem may be read. They are more closely knit, and involuted upon themselves -- exploring a single image -- than those in Chamber Music. In "Flood", for example, the image is of "rockvine clusters" in the first stanza; the waters' "weedy mane" in the second; and the "golden vine" with fruit of love, in the third. This exaltation of the image in poetry is characteristic of a group of poets productive during the decade from 1910 to 1920, with whom Joyce was familiar: Richard Aldington, his wife H.D., Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford), Ezra Pound,

William Carlos Williams, Amy Lowell, F.S. Flint, T.E. Hulme, and Allen Upward.

Kenneth Rexroth describes the movement: "Imagism was a revolt against rhetoric and symbolism in poetry, a return to direct statement, simple clear images, unpretentious themes, fidelity to objectively verifiable experience, strict avoidance of sentimentality."[7] William Pratt regards "imagism" as a phase in the writing of most twentieth-century poets, just as the sonnet-form was currency for the poets of the sixteenth century.[8] Imagism was modelled on the verse forms of the Greek lyric, the Japanese haiku, the Symbolist vers libre. F.S. Flint issued a statement of Imagist rules:

> 1. Direct treatment of the "thing" whether subjective or objective.
> 2. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.
> 3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.[9]

In addition there was a "Doctrine of the Image" which Flint declined to elaborate, but Pound said that "An 'Image' is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time." He added that "It is the presentation of such a 'complex' instantaneously which gives the sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest

works of art."[10]

Early in the course of the movement, T.E. Hulme said that "modern" art "no longer deals with heroic action, it has become definitely and finally introspective and deals with expression and communication of momentary phases in the poet's mind."[11] The "mystery of things" was no longer perceived as "action" but instead as "impression"; as in Impressionist painting. These momentary impressions, or images, Hulme considered to be the real substance of experience. It is easy to see the kinship between these theories and Joyce's ideas of static art and the epiphany. The liberty which this movement sought to introduce into poetry was not to lead to formlessness but to a new concern with form, with rhythm and meaning moving together as one, in a musical structure. It seems that in his description of Joyce's limitations, Zabel does not understand the principles of the Imagist movement: he says that "The real functions of free verse have escaped /Joyce/, and his lyric ideas must otherwise submit to conventional stanzaic formalities. Diffusion mars the outline of many poems, and unnatural sobriety and caution hinder the spontaneity of others."[12] According to Flint's "manifesto", it seems that there is much in Zabel's accusation that is a misinterpretation of Joyce's (presumed) intention; Zabel assumes it to be to write "free" verse bereft of

conventional form and of moderation in tone. It is unlikely that one could find this as a norm in the anthology, Des Imagistes, published in 1914, or in the recent collection of imagist poems edited by William Pratt. Richard Aldington wrote epigrams, D.H. Lawrence used rhyme, Wallace Stevens wrote stanza-ed poems ("Study of Two Pears"); Ezra Pound followed the traditional forms of Greek and Chinese poetry. Aldington uses blank verse:

> Use no more speech now;
> Let the silence spread gold hair above us
> Fold on delicate fold;
> You had the ivory of my life to carve.
> Use no more speech.
>
> (from "Lesbia")[13]

And in Des Imagistes, the poem "Nocturnes" by Skipwith Cannéll traces a blossoming of images like that in Joyce's "Nightpiece."

I

> Thy feet,
> That are like little, silver birds,
> Thou hast set upon pleasant ways;
> Therefore I will follow thee,
> Thou Dove of the Golden Eyes,
> Upon any path will I follow thee,
> For the light of thy beauty
> Shines before me like a torch.

II

> Thy feet are white
> Upon the foam of the sea;
> Hold me fast, thou bright Swan,
> Lest I stumble,
> And into deep waters.

III

Long have I been
But the Singer beneath thy Casement,
And now I am weary.
I am sick with longing,
O my Belovéd;
Therefore bear me with thee
Swiftly
Upon our road.

IV

With the net of thy hair
Thou hast fished in the sea,
And a strange fish
Hast thou caught in my net;
For thy hair,
Belovéd,
Holdeth my heart
Within its web of gold.

V

I am weary with love, and thy lips
Are night-born popies /sic/.
Give me therefore thy lips
That I may know sleep.

VI

I am weary with longing,
I am faint with love;
For upon my head has the moonlight
Fallen
As a sword.[14]

A similar technique of progression and development can be seen in Joyce's "Bahnhofstrasse":

The eyes that mock me sign the way
Whereto I pass at eve of day, 2

Grey way whose violet signals are
The trysting and the twining star. 4

Ah star of evil! star of pain!
Highhearted youth comes not again 6

Nor old heart's wisdom yet to know
The signs that mock me as I go. 8

In this poem the image of the eyes becomes that of the star, which becomes a sign, like (and yet unlike) the effect of the eyes in the first line. The eyes become themselves "signs", thus unlike the "violet signals" of "The trysting and the twining star"; a conclusion which reverses the first comparison of the poem.

The "impressionistic" feeling of this poem does not conflict with its static quality, nor with the very formal pattern of words: "way" of line one returns in line 3; "star" in line 4 recurs in line 5; "heart's wisdom" of line 7 recalls "highhearted youth" (line 6); and "signs that mock me" (line 8) is a significant variation of "eyes that mock me sign the way" (line one). The form of the poem, and the crisp quality of the two-line stanzas, add to the theme, which we grasp from the title -- "Bahnhofstrasse" -- and the words "eyes" and "way". "Bahnhofstrasse" is the German for "the road to the (railway) station," and there is a doubling of the meaning of a pathway because "strasse" is street, and "bahn" is track. In the poem, the street and the "way" are the result of the eyes' or the stars' signals, but the converse is also true; the stars are the "violet signals" of the "grey way." So that we might say that here, as in imagist theory, the "mystery of things" is indeed perceived as impression and not as action. This

leads us to the supposition that the street is here symbolic, as is the station to which it leads (symbolic despite the imagist creed, in this instance), and that the evocation of place is for Joyce, as for Baudelaire, of first importance. The presence of Dublin in nearly all of his work has been amply noted by critics; there is, however, only one poem in Pomes Penyeach which is set in Ireland: "Tilly."

Chester G. Anderson has made an extensive study of "Tilly" and of its earlier version "Ruminants,"[15] and it would be pointless for me to repeat what he has said. However, it is relevant to mention his account of the intricate pattern of alliteration, and of the skillful pacing of stress groups; which leads him to say that

> Joyce's consummate skill as a "maker" is demonstrated, in a small way, here. The counterpoint with which he shifts his major and minor consonants from initial to medial to terminal positions, at the same time that he is controlling the major b sound as a crescendo of initials throughout the poem (with modulated glides and vowels following: be-, br-, br-, be-, bo-, bo-, bl-, bl-, bo-) is extraordinary.[16]

Interestingly, the changes from the version entitled "Ruminants" (given in footnote number 15) to the version "Tilly," are to indefinite articles, and the introduction of imagery such as "the flowering branch" which tends to make the poem more general and more "archetypal." Anderson sees the drover of the poem as Cranly, and points to the passage in Stephen Hero in which Cranly and Stephen stop

to read the newsbill in Harcourt Street Station: "EVENING TELEGRAPH / Meeting / Nationalist Meeting at Ballinrobe / Important Speeches / Main Drainage Scheme / Breezy Discussion / Death of a Well-known Solicitor / Mad Cow at Cabra, / Literature &."[17] Because of the slighting of spiritual values here (they come next to et cetera), Anderson sees "Tilly" as "about Cranly's betrayal of the young priest of art."[18]

> "Tilly" is a poem of the hero as a young man and as a young lover. Its necessities are the compulsion of self-sacrifice, the desire to brave danger and to bleed, the desire to endure for the sake of the loved one even though the hero's love is spurned. And there is even, of course, the desire that the love be rejected: the poem, like "Araby" and "An Encounter" in their more controlled and complete ways, is a presentation of ambivalence.[19]

Technically, the poem "begins in a 'naturalistic' image and proceeds to a 'romantic' image. This movement tends to generalize the meaning of the poem: we find everyman, who has refused to allow his intellectual and aesthetic saddle-sores to callous over, bleeding by a black stream for his romantic youth, wounded by those former loves who threw the saddle after the horse and opened porkstores."[20] However, Anderson concludes that the poem is "naïve", and lacks the subtlety of Joyce's prose.[21] It appears that again the critic has fallen into a sort of confusion of genre, in expecting from a poem that which he would expect from (or find in) prose written by the same author.

Apart from his conclusion, however, Anderson's study is an extremely valuable one, and helps to augment the thesis that Joyce's concept of art was in part mediaeval; that he conceived of art as making: "L'art est un savoir faire."[22] In his essay "Drama and Life," he says: "Apart from his world-old desire to get beyond the flaming ramparts, man has a further longing to become a maker and a moulder. That is the necessity of all art."[23] At the same time he preserved its gift of "imaging-forth", a Thomistic principle which sees art as "un principe d'activité spirituelle."[24] So, in the Middle Ages,

> L'artiste, comme Dieu, agit en vue d'une fin, et par conséquent il ordonne toute une multiplicité d'éléments en fonction du but. C'est pourquoi l'art humain, comme la création divine, a pour résultat la production d'un ordre ou d'une forme organisée.[25]

The particular blend of form and matter which Joyce employs in his prose has long been recognized, and studied at length by such critics as Robert M. Adams in Surface and Symbol; but it is amazing how often a similar reading of the poems is denied, or, if admitted and a similar result is not attained, the poems are renounced as unworthy of attention. One might speculate with John Kaestlin upon " . . . the monodialectical academicians who pour abuses on this modern Rabelais for producing a work which to the uninitiated reader is as difficult -- and very much more so -- than any of Einstein, feel it nevertheless beneath their dignity

to stumble across the foothills of the mountain."[26] However, this statement might seem exaggerated, since J.F. Hendry, in an article in Seon Givens' collection of criticism on Joyce, acknowledges the importance of the poems and speaks of a three-fold critical method which must be applied to Joyce's technique:

> (i) the musical, i.e. sound, shape, and rhythm of words and sentences; (ii) the philological, i.e. composition of new words, use of old words in contexts suggesting their origin, use of foreign words, and scientific construction of primitive sounds; (iii) the mythical, or philosophical. This last is of underlying significance, and emerges from a study of the other two, revealing the full extent of Joyce's genius as an exponent of the social psyche.[27]

He gives as an example these lines from "On the Beach at Fontana": "A senile sea numbers each single / slimesilvered stone." Here, "alliteration, portmanteau-word, and images combine to impress upon the reader the sense of being in actual physical touch with reality."[28] "The technical effect of such inner concentration is not only that it makes the words more organic, the images more tangible, and the feelings more eloquent, but also that the vision itself becomes sharper and more penetrating, as in that masterpiece in the volume Dubliners, called "The Dead." "[29]

To consider first the most obvious aspect of Hendry's method, the philological, we can easily note the lines in Pomes Penyeach which make use of word-amalgam, unusual word combinations, and a different adjectival sense:

"cold red road"
"They moo and make brute music with their hoofs."
"Smoke pluming their foreheads."
"Boor, bond of the herd"
("Tilly")

" . . . young hearts crying / Loveward above the glancing oar"
"Vainly your loveblown bannerets mourn!"
("Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba")

"time's wan wave"
"Rosefrail and fair -- yet frailest
A wonder wild
In gentle eyes thou veilest,
My blueveined child."
("A Flower given to my Daughter")

"At grey moonrise."
"Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould / And muttering rain."
("She Weeps over Rahoon")

"A birdless heaven, seadusk . . ."
"love's time"
("Tutto è Sciolto")

"The crazy pierstakes groan;
A senile sea numbers each single
Slimesilvered stone."
("On the Beach at Fontana")

"A moondew stars her hanging hair"
"Who gathers simples of the moon."
("Simples")

"Goldbrown upon the sated flood"
"rockvine clusters"
"lambent waters"
("Flood")

"Gaunt in gloom,
The pale stars their torches,
Enshrouded, wave.
Ghostfires from heaven's far verges faint illume,
Arches on soaring arches,
Night's sindark nave."
"A starknell tolls . . ."
"Voidward from the adoring / Waste of souls."
("Nightpiece")

"moon's greygolden meshes"
"sly reeds"
"shorelamps"
("Alone")

"Lash / Your itch and quailing, nude greed of the flesh"
"This grey that stares / Lies not . . ."
"Dire hunger holds his hour."
"Pluck forth your heart, saltblood, a fruit of tears . . ."
("A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight")

"The trysting and the twining star."
"Highhearted youth"
("Bahnhofstrasse")

"the breaking brain"
("A Prayer")

The studied use of language which we see in these poems becomes far more evident (because far more frequent) in Ulysses and in Finnegans Wake, where the title, like Pomes Penyeach, telescopes meaning: "fin" is French for conclusion and "again" (modified) is recurrence; "wake" is both a substantive and a verb. And these phrases from the "half-awake" section about Isobel remind one of "A Flower for my Daughter": "wildwood's eyes and primarose hair"; "child of tree, like some losthappy leaf, like blowing flower stilled . . . deeply, now evencalm lay sleeping . . . ." Compare this with ". . . Europe of strange tongues and valleyed and woodbegirt and citadelled and of entrenched and marshalled races."[30], a line from A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

The rhythm, the lilt, of this line is so typical of Joyce's prose that one easily understands why Edmund Wilson

speaks of Ulysses as symphonic. Part of the rhythm lies in the words themselves, not only in their combination. The adjectives -- "valleyed", "woodbegirt", "citadelled", "entrenched", "marshalled" -- provide a pattern of iambic, anapest, anapest, iambic, and trochaic stress. It would not be farfetched to compare this to a line of Whitman's poetry, or even to that of Dylan Thomas, who shares Joyce's delight in the texture and sound of words.

The focus of attention upon the word, in addition to its philological interest, is, as in the examples given from Pomes Penyeach, akin to the mediaeval use of the emblem. Note that in the passage quoted earlier from A Portrait, describing Stephen's vision of a girl, "an emerald trail of seaweed had fashioned itself as a sign upon the flesh"; and in "Bahnhofstrasse" the "sign" is a prevailing element. There are "bannerets" in "Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba," and in "On the Beach at Fontana," "A senile sea numbers each single / Slimesilvered stone." Irene Hendry implies that the interest in the word in this special sense is almost necessary to the epiphany technique:

And when a character is broken down into its parts and resynthesized, what is the new integrating agent which assists the "synthesis of immediate perception" and serves both consonantia and claritas? Appropriately enough in Joyce's case, it is language itself. We are most familiar with the plays on etymology and multiple accretions of meaning in his later work, but at first he achieved his effects through all the poet's or orator's traditional devices of cadence and balanced period, metaphor and apostrophe, verbal connotation and subtle variation of

sound. This is apparent in examples of quidditas that have been cited ("soft whispering cloudlets", "frail fresh innocent voices"), where we are given auditory impressions rather than adequate visual description. Epiphany is, in fact, one purpose of Joyce's amazing virtuosity of language; . . . . It is not an attempt to "create a literary substitute for the revelations of religion"; it is the vehicle of the radiant esthetic experience itself, and at the same time it is intimately related to the plan of Joyce's work as a whole.[31]

Another usage is this:

A character is broken down into its separate parts, as it is under the "distillation" technique, but only one or two of the detached "parts" -- "the vulgarity of speech or of gesture", a detail of figure or expression, an item of clothing -- are recombined. Although it is free of irrelevancies, the quidditas represented by the recombination is not the quidditas of a generality but an individual; its function is to identify rather than to abstract. . . . Gesture and clothing, in particular, are as important in creating an individual quidditas as voice and breathing in creating a generalized quidditas.[32]

Through Joyce's fourth epiphany technique (in which claritas is a tiny, perfunctory flash all but absorbed by quidditas) we can trace out a virtual iconography of the characters, like the systematic recurrence of emblems and attitudes among the figures in sacred art.[33]

The emblematic quidditas is used with greatest virtuosity in Ulysses, but it is a technique of characterization that runs through all of Joyce's work . . . . In Joyce's poems we have the flower in "A Flower Given to my Daughter" and the snood "that is the sign of maidenhood" in "Bid adieu, adieu, adieu" /Chamber Music/.[34]

And so the individual quidditas is concentrated in a physical image, often, though not always, visual, as the generalized quidditas is diffused in a stream of sound . . . . /Contrary to Thomas Mann's use of symbolism/ Joyce's conception of the symbol is much closer to the conception of the medieval Church: a symbol has a specific function to perform in a given situation, and, when that function has been performed, nothing prevents the use of the symbol again in a totally different context. This

> flexibility results eventually in the intimate interpenetration of the parts and the whole that is one of the chief manifestations of Joyce's principle of consonantia, reaching a high degree of complexity in his later work.[35]

The concepts which are examined in these quotations are vital to Joyce's art, but it is extremely delicate to individuate them. The quidditas of the word, which is often the emblem, is an individualizing essence. However, in the repetition of the word, or its emblematic usage, it often acquires a symbolic significance. And it is here that "the generalized quidditas is diffused in a stream of sound" (Hendry).

It is true, although seemingly paradoxical, that despite the prevalence of emblem and symbol in his writing, Joyce's use of language has a "transitional" nature; as Arland Ussher says, "/Joyce/ is the prose-poet of the half-tone, the neutral tint, the half-formed thought, the hint, the équivoque . . . the world of Dante was a world of the absolute, whereas Joyce is cognisant of relativity."[36] I do not think, however, that this latter statement is a necessary antithesis. It is rather describing an ambivalence held in equilibrium, like the theories of Vico or the Celtic symbols. Padraic Colum quotes from Henri Focillon's The Life of Forms in Art: "In Ireland . . . the interlace appears as a transitory, but endlessly renewed meditation on a chaotic universe that deep within itself clasps and

conceals the debris or the seeds of humankind. The interlace turns round and round the old iconography and devours it. It creates a picture of the world that has nothing in common with the world, and an art of thinking that has nothing in common with thought."[37]

The emblem, therefore, as in the sentence (quoted before for its rhythm) from A Portrait: " . . . Europe of strange tongues and valleyed and woodbegirt and citadelled and of entrenched and marshalled races," is also an avoidance of detailed and explicit statement. This recalls the passage from Mallarmé which Joyce wrote in his Trieste notebook: "Abolished the pretension, aesthetically an error, despite its dominion over almost all the masterpieces, to enclose within the subtle paper other than, for example, the horror of the forest, or the silent thunder afloat in the leaves; not the intrinsic dense wood of the trees."[38] The fascination with the refining and modulating of a word, which is regarded as an entity by Joyce, reflects the famous creed of Mallarmé:

> L'oeuvre pure implique la disparition élocutoire du poète, qui cède l'initiative aux mots, par le heurt de leur inégalité mobilisé; ils s'allument de reflets réciproques comme une virtuelle traînée de feux sur les pierreries, remplaçant la respiration perceptible en l'ancien souffle lyrique ou la direction personnelle enthousiaste de la phrase. (OC 366)

Later, he speaks of the transformation into music.

> Le vers qui de plusieurs vocables refait un mot total, neuf, étranger à la langue et comme incantatoire, achève cet isolement de la parole . . . . (OC 368) La Musique

rejoint le Vers pour former, depuis Wagner, la Poésie. (OC 365) . . . que nous en sommes là, précisément, à rechercher, devant une brisure des grands rythmes littéraires . . . et leur éparpillement en frissons articulés proches de l'instrumentation, un art d'achever la transposition, au Livre, de la symphonie ou uniment de reprendre notre bien: car, ce n'est pas de sonorités élémentaires par les cuivres, les cordes, les bois, indéniablement mais de l'intellectuelle parole à son apogée que doit avec plénitude et évidence, résulter, en tant que l'ensemble des rapports existant dans tout, la Musique. (OC 367-68)[39]

These passages are all cited or paraphrased by Joyce, either in the Trieste notebook or in his oeuvre, as Hayman illustrates in the appendices to his Joyce et Mallarmé. Hayman also says that while at University College, Joyce knew les Voyelles de Rimbaud. And he gives a translation of an interesting passage from "L'Ame de l'Irlande," from the Daily Express of Dublin, March 26, 1903, signed J.A.J.[40] This is found, in English, in the Critical Writings; Joyce is reviewing Lady Gregory's book, Poets and Dreamers, and he is discussing her translations of four one-act plays by Dr. Douglas Hyde: "The dwarf-drama (if one may use that term) is a form of art which is improper and ineffectual, but it is easy to understand why it finds favour with an age which has pictures that are 'nocturnes', and writers like Mallarmé and the composer of 'Récapitulation' /Catulle Mendès' poem: 'Rose, Emmeline, / Marguéridette, Odette, / Alix, Aline // Paule, Hippolyte, / Lucy, Lucile, Cécile, / Daphné, Melite. // Artémidore, / Myrrha, Myrrhine, Périne, /

Nais, Eudore. // Zulma, Zélie, / Régine, Reine, Irène! . . . / Et j'en oublie.'/."[41] Despite the slightly condescending tone of Joyce's remark, the music and verbal colour implicitly discussed are a factor of his poetry which is extremely important. As is the praise of the proper noun, the delight in its elegance and variation, in the poem by Mendès.

An awareness of all of these elements in Joyce's use of language can be brought to bear upon one of the most challenging poems in Pomes Penyeach, "A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight." The poem begins with an undefined "They", which might refer to the players, to Gertrude and Claudius, or to the lips of the speaker. The use of the indefinite pronoun intensifies the flat, stolid tone, as do very concrete nouns which are abstruse in their context: "itch and quailing", "nude greed of the flesh", "Love's breath", "This grey that stares", "stark skin and bone." Connectives are placed so that they receive rhythmic stress -- "your lean jaws grin with"; "greed of the flesh"; "breath in you", "As sour as cat's breath"; "Harsh of tongue"; "None / Will choose her what you see to mouth upon"; "a fruit of tears." This gives the lines a heavy, widely-spaced effect, rumbling and clumsy.

There seem to be two possible interpretations of the poem. It might be Hamlet's reflection upon the "play

within the play" and the unveiling of his mother and his uncle's crime. The distaste which exudes from the phrases -- "They mouth love's language" -- seems to favor this reading. Yet the poem might also be an instance of Mallarmé's comment on Hamlet: "Il se promène lisant au livre de lui-même," a line which Joyce knew. In this case Hamlet is recalling his instructions to the players to hold a mirror up to nature: "to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure" (III, ii, 20). It might be that Hamlet is ironically remembering his advice, to "Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines" (III, ii, 1-4 -- my italics). The plural speakers of the poem "mouth love's language"; it is the Hamlet of the savage dismissal of Ophelia who speaks, whose respect for woman has been crushed: "I have heard of your paintings, well enough. God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig and amble, and you lisp and nick-name God's creatures and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on 't; it hath made me mad . . . . To a nunnery, go" (III, i, 149-157). "None / Will choose her what you see to mouth upon," because Ophelia is dead. "Dire hunger holds his hour." Remorse comes to Hamlet: "Pluck forth your heart,

saltblood, a fruit of tears. / Pluck and devour!"

However, the references in the poem are sufficiently ambiguous to make a variety of "naturalistic" readings possible. Symbolically, it is possible that "This grey that stares / Lies not, stark skin and bone," refers to the apparition of the ghost of Hamlet's father. "Thirteen" is an ominous number, foreboding the murderous climax of the play. Joyce gives Stephen a preoccupation with Shakespeare and with Hamlet in Ulysses; and Richard M. Kain lists the fifty-seven references to Hamlet in connection with Stephen.[42] They are mostly to the aspects of betrayal; to "look on this picture" (167); "play's the thing" (206); "frailty, thy name" (534); revenge (579). Conversely, Stephen's idea of the symbol of Irish art being the "cracked looking-glass of a servant" is associated with the "mirror" of this poem. A parallel connotation of narcissism for "mirror" is found in Finnegans Wake, and I suppose has some rapport with Ophelia:

> Sure she was near drowned in pondest coldstreams of admiration forherself . . . making faces at her bach-spilled likeness in the brook after and cooling herself in the element, she pleasing it, she praising it . . . (FW 526)

This is similar to Hamlet's accusation of Ophelia. Later, a great many familiar images (i.e., which Joyce has used before) are brought together:

> Listenest, meme mearest! . . . Could I but pass my hands some, my hands through thine hair! . . . Chic hands. The way they curve there under nue charmeen cuffs! . . . Fair hair, frail one . . . Mirror do justice, taper of ivory, heart of the conavent, hoops of gold! My veil will save it undyeing from his ethernal fire! (FW 527)

In the notebooks for Finnegans Wake, there is a reference to Mallarmé's Hérodïade in the phrases, "her angel in a mirror," "looking glass twin."[43] In Ulysses Stephen prefaces his sarcasm about his earlier reverence for his epiphanies with: "Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night, eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applause earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the God-damned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write . . . ."[44]

Thus, although we may be unable to make precise the theme of "A Memory of the Players in a Mirror at Midnight," the impression the poem captures is fairly evidently one of loathing and regret. -- The poem, since it is at midnight, may be the memory of the play in Hamlet and how it mirrored the truth about Claudius and Gertrude. -- It is the actual word-usage, and the blunted rhythm and the erratic rhymes which give us this impression. So that it seems clear that, as J.F. Hendry says -- and as quoted earlier -- the musical and philological elements of Joyce's work must be studied before

approaching thematic, or mythical considerations. In the next chapter I wish to extend this examination, with more particular reference to poetic devices in Ulysses.

CHAPTER VI. POETIC PROSE AND MUSICAL POETRY

Valéry formulated the concept of poésie pure, where " . . . la continuité musicale ne serait jamais interrompue, où les relations de significations seraient elles-mêmes perpétuellement pareilles à des rapports harmoniques, où la transformation des pensées les unes dans les autres paraîtrait plus importante que toute pensée, où le jeu des figures contiendrait la réalité du sujet . . . ." This statement is not far from being an outline of Joyce's method even in his prose, for as Richard Kain says, "It is a world of sound that Ulysses describes. The major characters think in terms of music or poetry."[1] Further, he asserts that "It is in the poetic rendition of these sounds that Joyce displays his genius."[2] He lists several devices by which Joyce achieves a "poetic rendition": onomatopoeia, repetition in reverse order, spaced repetition, staccato alliteration, circular sentence; vocabulary: word coinage, word blend, rhythmic compounding, phonetic spelling of sounds, reduplication, sound gradation, pun; use of pause and verbal repetition (leit-motiv).[3] He gives as a foremost example of Joyce's virtuosity, Bloom's attention to an aria in the Sirens

episode in Ulysses:

> The voice rose, sighing, changed: loud, full, shining, proud. . . . Bloom looped, unlooped, noded, disnoded. . . . Flood, gush, flow, joygush, tupthrop. Now! Language of love. . . .
>
> -- Come!
>
> It soared, a bird, it held its flight, a swift pure cry, soar silver orb it leaped serene, speeding, sustained, to come, don't spin it out too long long breath he breath long life, soaring high, high resplendent, aflame, crowned, high in the effulgence symbolistic, high, of the ethereal bosom, high, of the high vast irradiation everywhere all soaring all around about the all, the endlessnessness . . . .
>
> -- To me![4]

This chapter (Sirens), according to Kain, is the cadenza of Ulysses, and " . . . one of the most ambitious tone poems in modern literature. The gaiety of the barmaids, the effrontery of the boots, and the joviality of the guests contrast with the sentimental pathos of the songs and the aching loneliness of Bloom. As obligato, the suggestions of the eternal mystery of life and the passing of all beautiful things -- the cosmic loneliness of mankind; as ground bass, the constant echo of the sea, symbol of the ceaseless flow of nature."[5] Kain's use of a musical metaphor is quite appropriate to describe the episode.

The language of Ulysses is very musical. Stephen watches "the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms . . . . Day by day: night by night: lifted, flooded and let fall . . . . To no end gathered:

vainly then released, forth flowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her courts, she draws a toil of waters."[6] The water, the tides, speak:

> Listen: a fourworded wavespeech: seesoo, hrss, rsseeiss ooos. Vehement breath of waters amid seasnakes, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: flop, slop, slap: bounded in barrels. And spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.[7]

There has been creation by this speech:

> These heavy sands are language tide and wind have sifted here. And there, the stone-heaps of dead builders, a warren of weasel rats. Hide gold there. Try it. You have some. Sands and stones. Heavy of the past. Sir Lout's toys. Mind you don't get one bang on the ear.[8]

Woman is connected with the moon, and with language:

> Across all the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the west, trekking to evening lands. She trudges, schlepps, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moondrawn, in her wake. Tides, myriad-islanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponton*, a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon.[9]

From chaos to form is a bizarre transformation:

> His lips lipped and mouthed fleshless lips of air: mouth to her womb. Oomb, allwombing tomb. His mouth moulded issuing breath, *unspeeched*: ooeeehah: roar of cataractic planets, globed, blazing, roaring wayawayawayawayawayaway.[10]

The mystery of speech prompts the plaintive plea, "Who ever anywhere will read these *written* words?" (my italics).[11]

In Axel's Castle, Edmund Wilson observes that in Symbolist poetry there is a confusion between the perceptions of the different senses. (This is never characteristic of Romantic poetry, but is of metaphysical or symbolical poetry.) So that "to approximate the indefiniteness of music was to become one of the principal aims of Symbolism."[12] Music is, along with painting, the ultimate of the arts to exploit the fullness of sensations. It has been pointed out already, in discussing Chamber Music, how much Joyce loved music, especially song. Gillet quotes him as saying "Quand je ne peux pas chanter je ne peux pas écrire."[13] This great love for music was no doubt the reason why Padraic Colum gives this sort of verbal portrait of the man, on the occasion of a birthday celebration for Joyce and James Stephens in 1931.

> . . . his hands have now the softness, the sensitivity, of a man who has to depend a good deal on touch. All the lines of his face are fine; indeed his appearance is not only distinguished but winning. This appearance and his courtesy give him great dignity. Then when one takes note of his appearance one perceives that neither his head nor his forehead is large: the forehead with three deep lines graven on it is narrow, the well-shaped head is small. But head and forehead curve upward and outward, giving a sense of fullness and resonance, each suggesting instrumental amplitude. One can easily think of this head as having correspondence with a musical instrument. The jaws close to the chin make the face triangular; they too suggest something in which there is sound. The abundant hair, brushed up backward, has lines in it that are like strings, like

iron-grey strings.

Noticeable, too, is his ease of movement. A musician who knew him in Switzerland noted how easily he moved into the dance. Probably it is because of this kind of articulation -- this gestic articulation -- he possesses that he rates gesture as the fundamental expression.[14]

It is quite remarkable, this description and comparison.

As illustrated earlier in the thesis with the anecdote given by Frank Budgen, Joyce professed himself most interested in the arrangement of words, rather than in the mot juste itself. The arranger of words is analogous to the arranger of notes -- the composer; and the resultant arts, poetry and music, can be seen as parallel. Magalaner and Kain, writing of Chamber Music, relate that "Joyce wrote to the Dublin organist Geoffrey Molyneux Palmer, indicating that he hoped the composer would set /the poems/ all to music, which was 'partly my idea in writing,' and admitting that 'if I were a musician I suppose I should have set them to music myself.'"[15] The analogy is complicated by the fact that words have denotations and connotations which musical notations, presumably, do not have. It is the meaning of the words as well as the onomatopoeia which makes this passage descriptive of tactile impressions:

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too, touch, touch me.[16]

Stephen experiences, as well as the "ineluctable modality of the visible,"[17] the modality of the audible. In keeping with the theme, the language of advertisement (Bloom's métier) is mixed with lyrical language: "A seachange this, brown eyes saltblue. Seadeath, mildest of all deaths known to man. Old Father Ocean. Prix de Paris: Beware of imitations. Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely."[18] Nevertheless, the poetic devices which Kain enumerates are present in both spheres -- Stephen and Bloom.

The most notable quality of the prose associated with Stephen, both in Ulysses and in A Portrait, is the preponderance of vowels. There are only five vowels in our alphabet, as opposed to twenty-one consonants, so that while every word must have a vowel, the flamboyant usage here is an intended one. It produces, because of the limited range of vowel sounds, a more static effect, internally unifying. In contrast, Joyce's handling of Bloom's speech, especially in the Ithaca chapter, is usually kinetic, making use of many consonants, like Browning in his dramatic monologues. Pomes Penyeach is more kinetic in tone than the earlier poetry, which is made languid and melodious by its overbalance of vowels. Finnegans Wake, also, is characterized by a greater attention paid to tortured consonant changes; although assonance is still

marked, as in these passages: "Hear we here her first poseproem of suora unto suora? Alicious, twinstreams twinestraines, through alluring glass or alas in jumboland? . . . Knock and it shall appall unto you!" (FW 528) "What was thaas? Fog was whaas? Too mult sleepth. Let sleepth." (FW 555) Compare this to the Molly Bloom soliloquy in Ulysses, or to Stephen's treasured phrase in A Portrait:

> -- A day of dappled seaborne clouds. --
> The phrase and the day and the scene harmonised in a chord. Words. Was it their colours? He allowed them to glow and fade, hue after hue: sunrise gold, the russet and green of apple orchards, azure of waves, the greyfringed fleece of clouds. No, it was not their colours: it was the poise and balance of the period itself. Did he then love the rhythmic rise and fall of words better than their associations of legend and colour? Or was it that, being as weak of sight as he was shy of mind, he drew less pleasure from the reflection of the glowing sensible world through the prism of a language manycoloured and richly storied than from the contemplation of an inner world of individual emotions mirrored perfectly in a lucid supple periodic prose?[19]

The succession of sensuous words makes one read slowly, to savour them; and one's attention is drawn "inwards" to the diction itself, rather than to what future development the meaning points to. This rich calmness is like the placid tone of "Simples":

> Of cool sweet dew and radiance mild
> The moon a web of silence weaves
> In the still garden where a child
> Gathers the simple salad leaves.

A moondew stars her hanging hair
And moonlight kisses her young brow
And, gathering, she sings an air:
Fair as the wave is, fair, art thou!

Be mine, I pray, a waxen ear
To shield me from her childish croon
And mine a shielded heart for her
Who gathers simples of the moon.

Here the soft sounds of "moon", "croon", "cool", "of"; "mild", "childish", "still", "simple", "kisses", "mine"; create a variation upon two or three notes, a closely worked modulation of vowels.

The same method is found in "Ecce Puer", Joyce's last published poem (not in Pomes Penyeach):

Of the dark past
A child is born
With joy and grief
My heart is torn.

Calm in his cradle
The living lies.
May love and mercy
Unclose his eyes!

Young life is breathed
On the glass;
The world that was not
Comes to pass.

A child is sleeping:
An old man gone.
O, father forsaken,
Forgive your son!

Here the principal vowel changes are those in "born", "joy", "love", "unclose", "world", "comes", "old", "son"; "dark past", "heart", "glass", "pass", "was", "father".

There is a long (perhaps overworked) article by Marvin Fisher on "Ecce Puer", subtitled "the return of the prodding gaul",[20] where the themes and the implicit cross-references with the novels are fully discussed, and the biblical allusions explained. The ambiguity of the poem, says Fisher, gives "the idea of a cycle of nothing, becoming, being, and returning to nothing."[21] True, thematically; but I think that this ambiguity is also a consequence of the oblique nature of most poetry; and particularly of the Symbolist creed of suggestion.

The innovations in word-usage -- which become of thematic importance -- found in Pomes Penyeach, are brought to a great flowering in Ulysses and in Finnegans Wake. At the same time, the evocation of cities and town, or of physical environment -- obviously predominant in Ulysses -- occurs in Joyce's second volume of poetry. It is sufficient to glance at some of the titles -- "Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba", "On the Beach at Fontana", "Bahnhofstrasse" -- to get an indication of the particularized "backdrop" created for each poem. It is not a strained comparison to quote here some of Henri Lemaitre's remarks about Baudelaire, who also was deeply influenced by "la ville."

Seule la poésie peut effectuer la proximité de l'étrange, et, réciproquement, l'étrangeté du quotidien. Or Baudelaire a besoin -- esthétiquement et nerveusement -- de ressentir dans une expérience unique la présence conjugée de l'intime et du lointain, il a besoin à la fois du merveilleux et

du contact; et c'est bien pourquoi il est convaincu que la meilleure solitude s'obtient au sein même d'un bain de multitude. L'acte poétique sera l'inscription, dans une organisation pseudo-narrative de figures verbales, de ces rencontres qui ne cessent d'apparaître devant l'oeil privilégié du poète.[22]

As for Baudelaire's aesthetic, "le beau 'est toujours véritablement d'une composition double,' et l'esthétique du présent ne s'accomplit que dans sa fusion avec l'esthétique du bizarre."[23] Thus,

Baudelaire, qui refuse le réalisme, n'en est pas moins amoureux de la réalité; mais d'une réalité qui, pour rester quotidienne, n'en doit pas moins cesser d'être banale; au dilemme qu'impose à Baudelaire son tempérament, il n'y a qu'une solution: le refus d'admettre l'incompatibilité de l'insolite et du quotidien, la convision, au contraire, que tout le quotidien est fait d'insolite, et que c'est précisément la fonction sacrée de l'art et de la poésie que de faire apparaître par la magie du langage -- la célèbre magie suggestive . . . -- l'indissociable solidarité, dans l'unité du Beau, du présent et du bizarre.[24]

Few critics have failed to find this unity of the everyday and the unusual in Joyce's Ulysses, and in Finnegans Wake; it exists as early as A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man. It is not notable in Chamber Music, but it is very evident in poems like "Tilly", "Simples", and "On the Beach at Fontana":

. . . . . .
From whining wind and colder
Grey sea I wrap him warm
And touch his trembling fineboned shoulder
And boyish arm.

Around us fear, descending
Darkness of fear above
And in my heart how deep unending
Ache of love!

And "A Prayer" shows in a bold, effective way, that common experience is not bereft of the inexpressible.

In the juncture of poetry and music which Joyce loved, he might have been following Ronsard's advice to a young poet:

Apres à mon imitation, tu feras tes vers masculins et foeminins tant qu'il te sera possible, pour estre plus propres à la Musique et accord des instrumens, en faveur desquels il semble que la Poësie soit née: car la Poësie sans les instrumens, ou sans la grâce d'une seule, ou plusieurs voix, n'est nullement agreable, non plus que les instrumens sans estre animez de la melodie d'une plaisante voix.[25]

Again, it is surprising how mediaeval in conception Joyce's ideas and theories came to be.

The concept of poetry held by Valéry, who emphasizes the "continuité musicale," is the stepping-stone -- disregarding chronology -- to that of Baudelaire, who wrote in L'Art Romantique:

Le principe de la Poésie est, strictement et simplement, l'aspiration humaine vers une Beauté supérieure, et la manifestation de ce principe est dans un enthousiasme, un élèvement de l'âme; enthousiasme tout à fait indépendant de la passion, qui est l'ivresse du coeur, et de la vérité, qui est la pâture de la raison.

So, with Joyce. He had said that "in the particular is contained the universal,"[26] and that reality is the perception of coincidence. He always believed that literature was the affirmation of the human spirit.

CONCLUSION

In conclusion, it should be fruitful to re-examine the critical accusation that Joyce's poems are derivative, particularly of Yeats' work, and thus not meritorious. We might consider a modern estimate of Yeats' achievement. L.C. Knights, in Explorations, regards romanticism such as Yeats', as the "expression of a sensibility deliberately limited, both as regards its objects of interest and the modes of consciousness that it employs."[1] But the qualification "deliberately limited" is immediately questionable, and the issue as a whole resolves itself into one of semantics, of definition of the term "romanticism." For Knights considers romanticism as generative of uncomplicated emotional attitudes, of technique incapable of force, variety or subtlety; of the adoption of fixed attitudes in face of experience (the "mask"). He esteems Yeats' fine poems because they are balanced with a sober grasp of reality, a strong personal emotion.

Some of Knights' remarks apply to the early work of Joyce, but only insofar as this work reflects Yeats'

influence. In juxtaposition, it is illuminating to read at this point Malraux's remarks on the pastiche in art:

> L'imitation passionée est une opération banalement magique, et il suffit à un peintre de se souvenir de ses premiers tableaux, à un poète de ses premiers poèmes, pour savoir qu'ils trouvaient en eux une participation, non au monde, mais au monde de l'art; qu'ils n'y cherchaient ni une possession des choses ni une évasion, à peine une expression -- mais bien une possession des artistes et une confusion en eux. Le pastiche est une fraternité. . . .
>
> C'est sur ce pastiche que tout artiste se conquiert d'abord; le peintre passe d'un monde de formes à un autre monde de formes, l'écrivain d'un monde de mots à un autre monde de mots, de la même façon que le musicien passe de la musique à la musique.
>
> Toute création est, à l'origine, la lutte d'une forme en puissance contre une forme imitée . . . . /my italics/ [2]

It would be difficult to find a better statement of the "theory" or principle basic to Joyce's poetry, as well as to Ulysses.

Malraux shows that, contrary to much critical opinion, imitativeness, or the adoption of a "master", is an essential part of artistic development. This is a rule which the Middle Ages recognized amply. Yeats' influence on Joyce is thus not something to hurry past and ignore; it is not, however, a very persistent influence, especially if we consider Knights' definition of romanticism to be true, since Joyce was fascinated by the protean nature of life, by Vico and metempsychosis -- for example, as in Sir Thomas Browne's phraseology:

For, as though there were a metempsychosis, and the soul of one man passed into another, opinions do find, after certain revolutions, men and minds like those that first begot them. To see ourselves again, we need only look for Plato's year: every man is not only himself; there have been many Diogeneses, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over again; the world is now as it was in ages past; there was none then, but there hath been some one since, that parallels him, and is, as it were, his revived self.[3]

Furthermore, one might glance at Valéry's statement that "Un romantique qui a appris son art devient un classique"; "Tout classicisme suppose un romantisme antérieur." Thus, that Joyce was influenced by Yeats is scarcely a derogatory statement.

Although Joyce said in a letter that "je confesse que je dois beaucoup aux écrivains français,"[4] I imagine that his response to most of his precursors would be that which he showed towards his own creation, the Stephen of Ulysses; which prompted him to comment to Frank Budgen: "Stephen no longer interests me. He has a shape that can't be changed."[5] Although Joyce required his art to be static in one sense, in its introspective fantasy it envisages momentous and instantaneous change. For example, he writes to Harriet Shaw Weaver about the Sirens chapter in Ulysses:

I understand that you may begin to regard the various styles of the episodes with dismay and prefer the initial style much as the wanderer did who longed for the rock of Ithaca. But in the compass of one day to compress all these wanderings and clothe them in the form of this day is for me only possible by such variation which, I beg you to believe, is not capricious.[6]

And I expect that everyone would agree that in his work Joyce surpassed all his contemporaries in his expansion of the boundaries of language.

I would like to see an attitude towards Joyce similar to that of Richard Ellmann towards Yeats, in his article entitled "Yeats without analogue."[7] While it is true that an artist (in whichever art) must be considered within an historical perspective, and also within the perspective of the body of his own work, I also feel that his work must be considered as an expression of a vision that is somehow unique, and, to some -- though relatively small -- extent, each part of his work has a unity of its own.

We might accept Gorman's assertion that the early poems and Chamber Music "were exercises in the exactitude of words and rhythms," "the poetry /as Yeats described them/ of a young man who was practising at his instrument and taking a pleasure in the mere handling of the stops."[8] Joyce says somewhat the same thing himself, in another letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, about Finnegans Wake.

I have finished my revision and have passed 24 hours prostrate more than the priests on Good Friday. I think I have done what I wanted to do. I am glad you liked my punctuality as an engine driver. I have taken this up because I am really one of the greatest engineers, if not the greatest, in the world besides being a musicmaker, philosophist and heaps of other things. All the engines I know are wrong. Simplicity. I am making an engine with only one wheel. No spokes of course. The wheel is a perfect square. You see what I am driving at, don't you? I am awfully solemn about it, mind you, so you must

not think it is a silly story about the mouse and the grapes. No, it's a wheel, I tell the world. And it's all square.[9]

Yet the implication of a mechanical order would be false. As a young theorist, Joyce wrote that "Poetry, even when apparently most fantastic, is always a revolt against artifice, a revolt, in a sense, against actuality. It speaks of what seems fantastic and unreal to those who have lost the simple intuitions which are the tests of reality; and, as it is often found at war with its age, so it makes no account of history, which is fabled by the daughters of memory, but sets store by every time less than the pulsation of an artery, the time in which its intuitions start forth, holding it equal in its period and value to six thousand years."[10]

The prophetic phrasing from Blake at the end of this passage expresses the profound ambition Joyce possessed. He made an attempt to decipher the arctic beast of the Epiphanies, who "mutters words of some language which I do not understand."[11] In breaking the barrier of non-communication, Joyce would have -- as he knew -- accomplished much.

Au fond, reprit la duchesse /de Guermantes/, qui tenait à son idée, la vérité c'est que, comme dit mon beau-frère Palamède, l'on a entre soi et chaque personne le mur d'une langue étrangère. /my italics/[12]

All this is a common theme in A la Recherche du Temps Perdu, where the lapse of time becomes another, special sort, of language.

It is helpful to remember what Valéry said of Mallarmé; that a poem is an instrument forged by the poet, and like a musical instrument, he is not sure that it is the creator himself who knows best how to play it; thus that the melody drawn out by the reader could be as valuable as that which the poet foresaw. The value of these poems is, coincidentally, extremely like that of some music and of song, in being fluid, impressionistic, delicate. It is senseless to look here, in Joyce's poetry, for a "philosophical," quasi-logical statement, as some have concluded from his prose.

What one does find is the delicate presentation of mood and situation, in Chamber Music; the adept arrangement of words in all their significance, in Pomes Penyeach; and in all, the savoir-faire and tentative suggestion of those themes which have made Joyce so praised a creator.

FOOTNOTES

INTRODUCTION

[1] Morton Dauwen Zabel, "The Lyrics of James Joyce," Poetry, Vol. XXXVI (1930), 207.

[2] James Joyce, Chamber Music, ed., William York Tindall, 85.

[3] Ibid., 92.

[4] Mary T. Reynolds, "Joyce and Nora: The Indispensable Countersign," Sewanee Review, Vol. 72 (1964), 52.

[5] James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, 171.

[6] James Joyce, Chamber Music, ed., William York Tindall, 98.

CHAPTER I

[1] Padraic Colum, The Road round Ireland, 316.

[2] Louis Gillet, Claybook for James Joyce (Stèle pour James Joyce). Original French p. 132-33, quoted p. 18. Unpublished text, February 3, 1933, Paris.

[3] Richard Ellmann, James Joyce, 27.

[4] The Critical Writings of James Joyce, ed., Ellsworth Mason and Richard Ellmann, 21-22.

[5] S.L. Goldberg, Joyce, 13-14:

For Joyce life and art, fact and feeling, were never widely separate; nevertheless, he had to learn to distinguish them before he could confuse them deliberately, and therefore meaningfully, in his work.

But in 1904 he was still very much the alienated young "artist," and it was in this temper of social rejection and personal vindication that he conceived Dubliners and Stephen Hero. The one was "to betray the soul of that hemiplegia or paralysis" he thought characteristic of Dublin; the other was to define the constant traits of his own character and their "reactions to hereditary influences and environment." Not unnaturally, he looked for some relief from this stern programme and found it in poetry. Chamber Music, he said later, was written "as a protest against myself" -- a comment that helps to explain why the poems were generally accepted at the time and why they are comparatively negligible as poetry.

[6] Ellmann, James Joyce, 51.

[7] The Critical Writings of James Joyce, 27.

[8] Ibid., 32.

[9] Ibid., 41.

[10] Ibid., 41.

[11] Ibid., 42-3.

[12] Ibid., 45.

[13] Ibid., 65.

[14] Ibid., 65.

[15] Ellmann, James Joyce, 60.

[16] Louis Gillet, Claybook for James Joyce, 93.

[17] Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses", 181.

[18] Ibid., 182.

[19] Ibid., 182.

[20] Ibid., "A further recollection of James Joyce" (Appendix), 325.

[21] The Cornell Joyce Collection, A Catalogue. Compiled by Robert E. Scholes, University of Virginia. Item 62.

[22] The Critical Writings of James Joyce, 71.

[23] Ibid., 75.

[24] Ibid., 78-9.

[25] Ibid., 81.

[26] Ibid., 82.

[27] Ibid., footnote 2, 79.

CHAPTER II

[1] W.B. Yeats, Collected Poems, 63.

[2] Ellmann, James Joyce, 84.

[3] quoted by Ellmann, James Joyce, 84.

[4] Yeats, "The White Birds," The Rose, 1893.

[5] Yeats, "To an Isle in the Water," Crossways, 1889.

[6] Joyce, quoted by Ellmann, James Joyce, 84.

[7] Joyce, "The Soul of Ireland," The Critical Writings of James Joyce, 102-104.

[8] Morton Dauwen Zabel, "The Lyrics of James Joyce," Poetry, Vol. XXXVI (1930), 208.

[9] Irish Literature, ed., Justin McCarthy, Vol. 9, 3461.

[10] Ibid., 3651.

[11] Ibid., 3652.

[12] Ibid., 3653.

[13] Ibid., 3661: "Ireland and the Arts," from "Ideas of Good and Evil."

[14] Ibid., 3663.

[15] Ibid., 3665.

[16] Ibid., 3666.

[17] William York Tindall, "The Texts of Chamber Music," Chamber Music (Columbia Centennial Edition), 103.

[18] quoted by Tindall, ed., Chamber Music, 44.

[19] Ibid., 44.

[20] Tindall, ed., Chamber Music, 46.

[21] quoted by Tindall, ed., Chamber Music, 73.

[22] Tindall, ed., Chamber Music, 48.

[23] Letters of James Joyce, ed., Stuart Gilbert, 67.

[24] Tindall, ed., Chamber Music, 48.

[25] See Yeats' "The Cap and Bells" from The Wind Among the Reeds, Collected Poems, 71.

[26] The poems added by Miss Beach were the following:

XI. Bid adieu, adieu, adieu / Bid adieu to girlish days
XII. What counsel has the hooded moon / Put in thy heart, my shyly sweet
XX. In the dark pine-wood / I would we lay
XXV. Lightly come or lightly go
XXVI. Thou leanest to the shell of night
XXVII. Though I thy Mithridates were

[27] Padraic Colum, The Joyce Book, ed., Herbert Hughes.

[28] F.R. Leavis, "The Revolution of the Word," Scrutiny, Vol. II (1933), 193-201.

[29] John Kaestlin, "Joyce by Candlelight," Contemporaries (Cambridge University Undergraduate Magazine), 1930, 50.

[30] Ibid., 53.

[31] L.C. Knights, from a talk entitled "Imaginative Energy: or why we read Shakespeare," given to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, March 15, 1965; Manchester, England.

[32] Ezra Pound, "Joyce," Literary Essays of Ezra Pound, 413.

[33] Harry Levin, James Joyce: a critical Introduction, 26.

[34] Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses", 74.

[35] Ibid., 19-20.

CHAPTER III

[1] James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man, 251.

[2] Ibid., 168.

[3] Ibid., 169-170.

[4] Louis Gillet, Claybook for James Joyce, 93.

[5] Frank Budgen, James Joyce and the Making of "Ulysses", 309.

[6] C.K. Ogden and I.A. Richards, The Meaning of Meaning, 140.

[7] W.K. Wimsatt, Jr., "1. The Domain of Criticism," The Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism, Vol. VIII, No. 4 (June, 1950), 220.

[8] I.A. Richards, The Principles of Literary Criticism, 273.

[9] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, ed., Theodore Spencer, 26.

[10] Coleridge, Biographia Literaria, II, 65.

[11] I.A. Richards, Coleridge on Imagination, 231.

[12] quoted by Richards, The Principles of Literary Criticism, 242.

[13] I.A. Richards, C.K. Ogden, and James Wood, The Foundations of Aesthetics, 78-80.

[14] I.A. Richards, The Principles of Literary Criticism, 259.

[15] I.A. Richards, Coleridge on Imagination, 140.

[16] Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle, 209.

[17] Wylie Sypher, Four Stages of Renaissance Style, 291.

[18] Ibid., 296.

[19] Critical Writings of James Joyce, 16.

[20] James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist . . ., 59.

[21] Ibid., 93.

[22] Herbert Howarth, The Irish Writers, 253.

[23] James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist . . ., 171.

[24] Ibid., 172.

[25] Ibid., 173.

[26] Mary and Padraic Colum, Our Friend James Joyce, 104-5.

[27] Hodgart and Worthington, Song in the Works of James Joyce, 23.

[28] Mary and Padraic Colum, Our Friend James Joyce, 23.

[29] Ellmann, James Joyce, 150.

[30] Mary and Padraic Colum, Our Friend James Joyce, 82.

[31] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, 30-31.

[32] Ibid., 174.

[33] Ibid., 175.

[34] Mary T. Reynolds, "Joyce and Nora: The Indispensable Countersign," Sewanee Review, Vol. 72 (1964), 52.

CHAPTER IV

[1] Harry Levin, James Joyce: a critical Introduction, 29.

[2] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, 211.

[3] Ibid., 213.

[4] Ellmann, James Joyce, 87.

[5] See Robert Scholes, "Joyce and the Epiphany: The Key to the Labyrinth?," Sewanee Review, Vol. 72 (1964), 76.

[6] Enid Starkie, From Gautier to Eliot, 188.

[7] Rimbaud, Oeuvres, édition de Suzanne Bernard, 267.

[8] Ibid., 263.

[9] James Joyce, Epiphanies, ed., O.A. Silverman, 15.

[10] Britannia World Language Edition of Funk and Wagnalls Standard Dictionary.

[11] Edward Sapir, Culture, Language and Personality, Selected Essays, 9.

[12] Cleanth Brooks, The Well Wrought Urn, 203.

[13] Ibid., 207.

[14] Maurice Beebe, "Joyce and Aquinas: The Theory of Aesthetics," Philological Quarterly, Vol. 36 (1957), 24.

[15] S.L. Goldberg, Joyce, 11.

[16] Ellmann, James Joyce, 106.

[17] Ibid., 113.

[18] Ibid., 125.

[19] Herbert Gorman, James Joyce, 59.

[20] The Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe, XIV, 208; quoted by M.E. Kronegger, article cited below, 251.

[21] M.E. Kronegger, "Joyce's debt to Poe and the French Symbolists," Revue de Littérature Comparée, 39e Année, no. 2 (Avril-juin 1965), 246.

[22] Ibid., 252.

[23] David Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, "Chronologie."

[24] David Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, footnote 192. Traduit de Léon-Paul Fargue, "The Alchemist" (translated from the French by Eugene Jolas), Transition, no. 23 (July 1935), 130.

[25] Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, 42.

[26] Mallarmé, OC 869; quoted by Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, 51.

[27] Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, 53.

[28] Marshall McLuhan, "Joyce, Mallarmé and the Press," Sewanee Review, LXII (Winter 1954), 45.

[29] Ibid., 46.

[30] Ibid., 48-49.

[31] Ibid., 50.

[32] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, 16.

[33] S.L. Goldberg, Joyce, 90.

[34] Robert Scholes, "Joyce and the Epiphany: The Key to the Labyrinth?," Sewanee Review, Vol. 72 (1964), 72.

[35] Irene Hendry, "Joyce's Epiphanies," James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed., Seon Givens, 33.

[36] Ibid., 37.

[37] Ibid., 43.

CHAPTER V

[1] See The Cornell Joyce Collection, A Catalogue. Compiled by Robert E. Scholes, University of Virginia.

[2] Morton Dauwen Zabel, "The Lyrics of James Joyce," Poetry, Vol. XXXVI (1930), 211.

[3] Richard Ellmann, James Joyce, 603, 604, and 606.

[4] Ibid., 607.

[5] Padraic Colum, "James Joyce as Poet," in The Joyce Book, ed. Herbert Hughes.

[6] Ellmann, James Joyce, 155.

[7] Kenneth Rexroth, "The Influence of French poetry on American," Assays, 152.

[8] William Pratt, ed., The Imagist Poem, 13.

[9] Ibid., 18.

[10] quoted by Pratt, The Imagist Poem, 18.

[11] quoted by Pratt, The Imagist Poem, 24.

[12] Morton Dauwen Zabel, "The Lyrics of James Joyce," Poetry, Vol. XXXVI (1930), 212.

[13] William Pratt, ed., The Imagist Poem, 72.

[14] Des Imagistes: An Anthology, 36-7.

[15] Chester G. Anderson, "James Joyce's 'Tilly'," PMLA, Vol. 73 (June 1958), 285-298.
1904 manuscript version, "Ruminants":

He travels after the wintry sun,
Driving the cattle along the straight red road;
Calling to them in a voice they know,
He drives the cattle above Cabra.

His voice tells them home is not far.
They low and make soft music with their hoofs.
He drives them without labour before him,
Steam pluming their foreheads.

Herdsman, careful of the herd,
Tonight sleep well by the fire
When the herd too is asleep
And the door made fast.

[16] Ibid., 287.

[17] James Joyce, Stephen Hero, 221.

[18] Chester G. Anderson, "James Joyce's 'Tilly'," PMLA, Vol. 73 (June 1958), 291.

[19] Ibid., 298.

[20] Ibid., 298.

[21] Ibid., 298.

[22] Edgar de Bruyne, Etudes d'Esthétique Médiévale, t. II, l'époque romane, 371.

[23] Joyce, Critical Writings, 43.

[24] de Bruyne, Etudes d'Esthétique Médiévale, t. III, le XIIIe siècle, 326.

[25] Ibid., 316.

[26] John Kaestlin, "Joyce by Candlelight," Contemporaries (Cambridge University Undergraduate Magazine), 48.

[27] J.F. Hendry, "James Joyce," James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed., Seon Givens, 436.

[28] Ibid., 436.

[29] Ibid., 437.

[30] James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist . . ., 167.

[31] Irene Hendry, "Joyce's Epiphanies," James Joyce: Two Decades of Criticism, ed., Seon Givens, 37.

[32] Ibid., 41-42.

[33] Ibid., 43.

[34] Ibid., 44.

[35] Ibid., 45.

[36] Arland Ussher, "James Joyce: Doubting Thomist and Joking Jesuit," Three Great Irishmen: Shaw, Yeats, Joyce, footnote 98.

[37] quoted by Padraic Colum, Our Friend James Joyce, 123.

[38] David Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, v. 1, 28.

[39] quoted by Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, v. 1, 30-31.

[40] quoted by Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, v. 2, 115; traduit ainsi dans James Joyce, sa vie, son oeuvre, son rayonnement (La Hune Catalogue), no. 166:

Les pièces-minute, si l'on ose dire, constituent une forme d'art qui est à la fois gratuite et impropre; mais nous comprenons pourquoi elles sont à la mode à une époque où les tableaux s'appellent des nocturnes et où nous avons des écrivains comme Mallarmé . . . .

[41] Joyce, Critical Writings, 104.

[42] Richard M. Kain, Fabulous Voyager, 287.

[43] Hayman, Joyce et Mallarmé, 127.

[44] James Joyce, Ulysses, 41.

CHAPTER VI

[1] Richard M. Kain, Fabulous Voyager, 143.

[2] Ibid., 147.

[3] Ibid., 148 ff.

[4] James Joyce, Ulysses, 27.

[5] Kain, Fabulous Voyager, 165.

[6] Joyce, Ulysses, 50.

[7] Ibid., 50.

[8] Ibid., 45.

[9] Ibid., 48.

[10] Ibid., 49.

[11] Ibid., 49.

[12] Edmund Wilson, Axel's Castle.

[13] Louis Gillet, Claybook for James Joyce, 18; given in original French in Appendix, 132.

[14] Mary and Padraic Colum, Our Friend James Joyce, 180.

[15] Magalaner and Kain, Joyce: the Man, the Work, the Reputation, 60.

[16] Joyce, Ulysses, 49.

[17] Ibid., 38.

[18] Ibid., 51.

[19] Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist . . ., 166.

[20] Marvin Fisher, "James Joyce's 'Ecce Puer': The Return of the Prodding Gaul," The University of Kansas City Review. XXV (June 1959), 265-271.

[21] Ibid., 268.

[22] Baudelaire, Petits Poèmes en Prose (Le Spleen de Paris), ed. et introduction par Henri Lemaitre, xix.

[23] Ibid., xx.

[24] Ibid., xxi.

[25] Oeuvres Complètes de Ronsard, Texte de 1578, 473-4.

[26] Ellmann, Joyce, 520.

CONCLUSION

[1] L.C. Knights, Explorations, 181.

[2] André Malraux, Essais de Psychologie de l'Art, La Création Artistique; Troisième Partie: Chapitre Troisième, 141.

[3] Sir Thomas Browne, Religio Medici; quoted by Kain, Fabulous Voyager, 214.

[4] Letter to /perhaps Mlle Guillermet of the Journal de Genève/ dated 5 August 1918; Letters of James Joyce, ed., Stuart Gilbert, 118.

[5] Ellmann, James Joyce, 473.

[6] Letter to Harriet Shaw Weaver, 6 August 1919; Letters of James Joyce, ed., Stuart Gilbert, 129.

[7] Richard Ellmann, "Yeats without analogue," The Kenyon Review, Vol. XXVI, No. 1 (Winter 1964), 30-53.

[8] Herbert Gorman, James Joyce, 86.

[9] Postcard to Harriet Shaw Weaver, dated 16 April 1927, Paris; Letters of James Joyce, ed., Stuart Gilbert, 251.

[10] Joyce, "James Clarence Mangan," in The Critical Writings of James Joyce, 81.

[11] Joyce, Epiphanies, ed., O.A. Silverman, 7.

[12] Marcel Proust, A La Recherche du Temps Perdu, II, 522.

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Contents: editor's note by Hughes, p. 9; "Prologue" by James Stephens, p. 11; "James Joyce as Poet" by Padraic Colum, pp. 13-15; "Epilogue" by Arthur Symons, pp. 79-84; portrait of Joyce by Augustus John, p. 5; the thirteen poems of Pomes Penyeach set to music: "Tilly" by E.J. Moeran; "Watching the Needleboats at San Sabba" by Arnold Bax; "A Flower Given to My Daughter" by Albert Roussel; "She Weeps over Rahoon" by Herbert Hughes; "Tutto è Sciolto" by John Ireland;

"On the Beach at Fontana" by Roger Sessions; "Simples" by Arthur Bliss; "Flood" by Herbert Howells; "Night-piece" by George Antheil; "Alone" by Eduardo Carducci; "A Memory" by Eugene Goossens; "Bahnhofstrasse" by C.W. Orr; "A Prayer" by Bernard Van Dieren.

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